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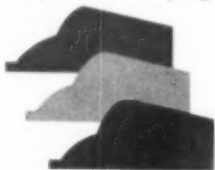


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CORONET



Dear Reader:

This month marks CORONET's 20th anniversary. And much of what our magazine stands for is summed up—perhaps better than we could do it ourselves—in this quotation from a letter by Mrs. Otto Quintel, of Flint, Michigan: "...your article was a candle lighting the way to a new and better life."

Her letter referred to "A New Operation That May Defeat Parkinson's Disease," which we published last May. Written by William Peters, the article told the factual, yet drama-packed story of how Dr. Irving S. Cooper, a young New York neurosurgeon, had severed a particular brain artery while operating on a victim of Parkinson's Disease, then tied it off. What resulted became medical history. The patient improved remarkably. The rigid limbs, the uncontrollable tremors that characterize Parkinsonism—hitherto considered hopeless—were almost entirely relieved. Later this surgery and another more highly developed operation (chemopallidectomy) achieved similar results in several hundred other cases. After CORONET—the first national magazine to publish the story—hit the newsstands, an average of 50 letters a day began pouring into our offices from all over America and several foreign countries, asking for information. CORONET forwarded more than 2,000 of these letters to Dr. Cooper. For many sufferers they proved to be passports to new health and happiness.

Mrs. Quintel's letter told how her husband, Otto, a General Motors employee for 37 years, had been forced to retire because his hands stiffened and shook so badly he couldn't work. She wrote:

"Because of my husband's illness the outlook was very limited around our home. Then came May and CORONET. I read the article three times silently. Then I read it to Otto. The seed of hope had begun to germinate. Our doctor told us that Otto had everything to gain and nothing to lose by going to New York. So after discussing it with our three grown children and praying with the minister of our beloved Lutheran Church, we arranged to see Dr. Cooper.

"I was plain scared about coming to New

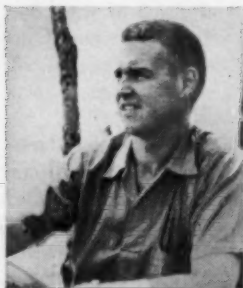


The reader—Otto Quintel

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(Continued from page 5)



The writer—William Peters

York. I had never been there and the fact that Otto was so helpless—he had to travel in a wheel chair—made matters that much worse. But again the Lutheran Church came to our aid. I phoned Pastor Weber's residence, since he is pastor of the St. Pauls Evangelical Lutheran Church of Tremont, in the Bronx, New York—a member of the same Synod to which we belong. His wife referred my need of a place to stay to their Deaconess, Miss Ruth Berg. She soon found a room for me with a couple in Westchester.

"In New York we met people who had read the article in CORONET. We met people who had brought their loved ones for treatment from Europe, South America, Canada and all over the U. S. Together we stood by while the operations were performed, became friends, laughed, prayed and wept together.

"Finally the day of the operation arrived. After Otto was wheeled to the operating room, I went downstairs and waited. Afterwards, I was amazed to see him roll over in bed unassisted. He sat up the second day by himself.

"When we boarded the Capital Airliner, Otto *walked* up the same ramp he had had to be wheeled down when we arrived. Then the biggest thrill of all came when we got home and he proudly strode across the threshold unaided. From that time on we began to live again."

Doctor Cooper, at the age of 34, is an Associate Professor of Neurosurgery at New York University-Bellevue Medical Center and head of the Department of Neurologic Surgery at St. Barnabas Hospital for Chronic Diseases, New York City. He lives with his wife and their three children in Pelham Manor, New York. He was interviewed for the CORONET article by William Peters, 35, a top-notch magazine writer and a past winner of the American Heart Association's Blakeslee Award for a dramatic article on heart surgery. For Peters, Mrs. Quintel's words, "... *your article was a candle lighting the way to a new and better life,*" are all the treatment a writer requires to prove that his craft is among the world's most worthwhile. For editors, they point up that wonderful instance of communication between editor and reader. In this instance these special words illuminate the 20th anniversary of our magazine.

The Editors



More road horsepower for hill climb! Bob Unser sets a new record in 1956 Pikes Peak Hill-Climb Race in car powered with Jaguar engine and Champion spark plugs. Champions give him more power in his family car, too!

New Champion spark plugs can increase road horsepower by 24%!

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CHAMPION

LOOK FOR THE 5 RIBS

The Truth About Meat

by JEANNETTE FRANK

*Some facts you should know about
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MEAT is the most valuable protein food in the human diet. And, pound for pound, lean meat is even higher in the essential proteins necessary to maintain good health than meat that is fatty.

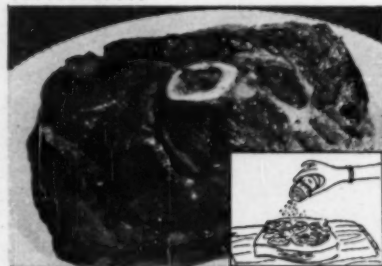
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Grown-up Baby Doll

DIRECTOR ELIA KAZAN earned his reputation for off-beat, dynamic pictures with *A Streetcar Named Desire*, *East of Eden*, and *On the Waterfront* in which Marlon Brando, Eva Marie Saint and James Dean achieved stardom. Into moviegoers' laps Kazan now bounces a blonde bombshell named Carroll Baker (above), star of his production, *Baby Doll* (Warner Bros.).

Tennessee Williams' screenplay tells the story of an overprotected, immature girl who sleeps in a crib, sucks her thumb and refuses to consummate an unwanted marriage. As this Southern child-bride, delicate-featured Carroll Baker equals the intense portrayal of James Dean in *East of Eden*.

Although Pennsylvania-born (in 1932), Carroll knows Southern belles. She attended junior college in St. Petersburg, Florida, then quit to tour Dixie as a dancer. Moving to New York in 1952, she discovered dancers were a dime-a-dozen and switched to acting. But she flunked her first audition at the Actors Studio, co-founded by Kazan. A young director, Jack Garfein ("Every time I went there, he was around") suggested private lessons with Lee Strasberg of the Studio. This training led to TV and Broadway jobs—and movie offers. But Carroll insisted on seeing scripts because "I didn't want to do just anything."

Holding out proved lucky. Two days after she wed Garfein in April, 1955, Warners sent Carroll Edna Ferber's script for *Giant*, and her honeymoon was spent playing Rock Hudson's daughter, directed by George Stevens. After *Giant* (see below), Carroll auditioned again, and was accepted at Actors Studio. At her first class, Kazan asked her to read for *Baby Doll*.

Carroll expects a baby herself in December. Domesticity has put her in a stew over recipes. "I'm a terrible cook," she says. "My mother is, too."

Also Recommended This Month:

GIANT (Warner Bros.), Edna Ferber's best seller, bears the quality stamp of Producer-Director George (Shane) Stevens in the performances of Rock Hudson, Elizabeth Taylor, the late James Dean and newcomer Carroll Baker.

FRIENDLY PERSUASION (Allied Artists) is Academy Award caliber in photography, acting (Gary Cooper, Dorothy McGuire) and William Wyler's deft direction. This gentle tale of an Indiana Quaker farm family in war is lost with touching humor.

—MARK NICHOLS



Lawrence Welk at the Hammond Chord Organ, and band rehearsing show for the Dodge Division of Chrysler Corporation (Saturday, 9 P.M.—Monday, 9:30 P.M.—E.S.T.—ABC-TV).

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The tightening effect of this effortless exercise also helps eliminate the loose sagging often caused when weight is lost.

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erect posture. "Beauty Pads" are also used for tightening, firming and lifting exercise of the *muscles* of the chest and beneath bust.



The small exerciser looks very much like a miniature makeup case; measures 11" x 9" x 6" and weighs less than 9 pounds. This new method requires only 30 minutes daily use of the machine . . . even less after the first month . . . and it is used while the user rests, reads or watches T.V.; she may even sleep. The machine reduces inches, not pounds; the new diet removes the weight.

The device is completely safe and because of the lack of effort the user gets the full benefits of active exercise—without any feeling of tiredness. Yet, the results are as beneficial for reducing as the usually prescribed "reducing exercises".



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Users' reports are enthusiastic. Mrs. Evelyn Brantweiner of Allentown, Pennsylvania, recently wrote the manufacturers:

"I've lost 4 inches from my waist, 3 inches from hips and 2 inches from thighs in three months." A Mrs. Caglia of San Jose, California, wrote: "After about 3 weeks I took my hips down from 46" to 37½", waistline from 33" to 26". She says that she did not use the diet. Mrs. Marie Rizzi of the same city reports a loss of 5 inches from her hips. Mary A. Moriarty, of New Bedford, in one month lost 3 inches around her waist



and hips; her dress size went from 20½ to 18. Perhaps the most unusual results were enjoyed by Martha Adams and her sister-in-law, Maxine Frankland of Chicago. Each used the machine for a total of 3 hours. One reports 4" off abdomen and 3" off hips; the other 2½" from abdomen and 3" from hips. The makers of the little machine are quick to add that such results are not to be expected by



everyone. Mrs. E. D. Serdahl (a "test case") used the machine for from 4 to 8 hours a day for 9 consecutive days. These 48 hours resulted in the following

reductions: Waist 2"; Hips 3"; Upper Abdomen 1"; Upper Thigh 2"; Knee 1½", Calf 1". She says: "I felt no muscular or physical fatigue... In fact, the after-effects were all good."



National Magazines Praise

"Vogue" magazine wrote: "Wonderful new machine... whittles away excess inches while you relax." "Glamour" said "Safe, passive exerciser. It removes inches." "Mademoiselle" published 2 full pages about it. Other magazines giving it favorable mention were: Harper's Bazaar, Charm and Esquire.



Has Many Uses

The device not only aids in the new "speed-up" reducing method; it also has uses for the entire family. Husbands will, of course, use it to trim down their middle—and use to exercise back muscles that become weary and aching after a "day at the office." Son, if he's in high school, will use it to exercise his sore baseball throwing arm. Big sister will find it helpful in exercising her chest muscles. Even grandmother and that venerable oldtimer, grandfather, will use it to exercise back, leg and feet muscles.



I suggest that if you are really serious about having a more attractive figure that you either write or TELEPHONE Relax-A-Cizor, Dept. CT-10: NEW YORK, Murray Hill

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(ADVERTISEMENT)

YOU

*New disclosures on how to
outwit your tricky memory—
and why you hear as you do*



LUCKY SEVEN: There's a built-in barrier in your memory that makes it difficult for you to remember more than seven items on a list. This factor, discovered by Dr. George A. Miller, Harvard psychologist, may account for the popularity of the number seven in human affairs, as in the seven days of the week and the seven wonders of the world. When storing facts away in your mind, says Dr. Miller, break them down into groups in which there are no more than seven items each. When you visit the supermarket, for instance, categorize your intended purchases into seven groups—such as dairy products, meats, fresh fruits and vegetables, frozen foods, canned foods, baked goods and cereals, housekeeping needs. According to Dr. Miller you should be able to remember easily as many as seven items under each of the seven headings.

HEARING BY THE CLOCK: How good is your hearing? It depends on the time of day. That's the surprising conclusion arrived at by experts of the American Hearing Aid Society, after conducting numerous tests. If you're like most people, they say, your hearing will be at its keenest around 7 A.M., at its dullest at 1 P.M. After a meal, or following a good amount of heavy exercise, your hearing efficiency always declines. Light exercise, however, actually sharpens the sensitivity of your ears.



BABY TALK: In almost every language in the world a baby calls "ma-ma" when he wants his mother; "da-da," or something like it, when he wants his father. This universal use of the same terms, says Dr. Arthur Parmelee, UCLA linguist, proves that infants coined these words themselves, as natural sounds they can easily make.

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YOU

Ma-ma, maturity and mannerisms

(Continued from page 14)

It's also a sign that mother is the one the baby depends on for care, since slight distress among infants is often expressed in nasal m-ma-ma-ma-m sounds to which the mother responds. When playing, as a baby often does with father, he indicates his pleasure by da-da-da sounds. So getting the attention of his parents is not dependent on a baby's learning his parents' language; it's the other way around. Actually, it's the parents who learn baby talk.

EASY-GOING ELDERS: Most people believe that as you grow older your personality changes for the worse—you get more set in your ways, harder to get along with. Not so, announces Dr. Josef Brozek of the University of Minnesota, who has been making a study of the personality changes brought about by old age. True, you'll be more emotional about some things as you grow older, perhaps more touchy about criticism; but in general, he reports happily, you'll be easier, not harder, to get along with. You will be more willing to accept the foibles of other people, and you will be less likely to get into a quarrel with your friends. You'll even manage to get along better with your immediate family and your relatives.



BODY ENGLISH: If you rub your nose when somebody tells you something surprising it might be because your nose itches but it's much more likely to be a sign that you don't believe a word the big windbag is telling you. Who says so? Dr. Ray L. Birdwhistell of the University of Louisville, who has up and created a new science he calls kinesics, short for saying that your gestures give you away. His idea is that with gestures you are actually speaking a sort of second language which provides a more accurate index to what you're really thinking than do the words you use. If you cross your legs and swing your foot, for example, it means you wish you weren't there. You've taken a psychological walk. When a woman nonchalantly crosses her legs and swings her foot in a **circle**, the good doctor claims, she's thinking about a man.



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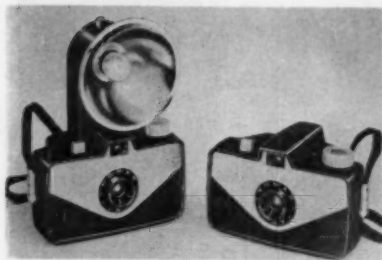
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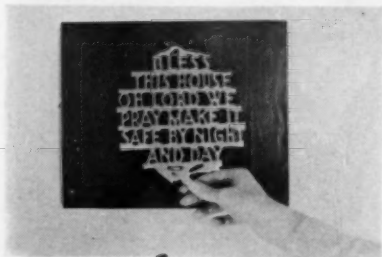
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(Continued on page 20)

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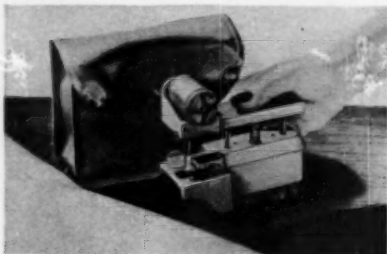


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SMALL hand sewing machine bastes, hems, sews on buttons and makes button holes. Operates with light pressure of hand. Uses standard thread and machine needles. Permits sewing while garment is being worn. \$5.43 pp. Dexter Div. of Grant Co., Dept. C, 2735 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago 14, Ill.



BRIGHTEN a knick-knack shelf with this set of copper and brass miniatures. 12 replicas of household objects make conversation pieces. 1-1½" high. Varying assortments include such items as coal scuttle and teapot. \$2.98 set pp. Dresden Art Works, Dept. 10, 169 W. Madison St., Chicago 2, Ill.



HERE'S a 4-sided porcelain carafe for serving piping hot coffee or chocolate. Holds 3 cups. Has black iron warming stand with candle. White with green leaves and red cherries or golden flowers. 6¾" high. Complete, \$2.20 ea.; \$3.75 for 2, pp. Lee Wynne, 5446 Diamond St. C-R, Philadelphia 31, Pa.



SHE will have music whenever she jumps with this musical skip rope. (And we'll bet little brother will want to have a try too.) Self-contained music boxes are hidden in gay colored metal handles. Music plays when rope is in motion. \$1.25 pp. Greenhall, Dept. C-11, 1133 B'way, N.Y. 10, N.Y.

(Continued on page 22)

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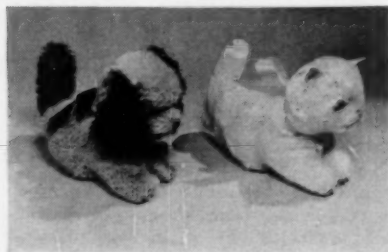
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WIND the tails of these stuffed animals and watch them roll over and over to the accompaniment of a catchy tune. Music box is concealed beneath plush coat. 8" long. Dog is white and black or tan and brown. Cat is white, pink or blue. \$5.45 ea. pp. Aimée Lee, Dept. I, 545 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 17, N. Y.



GILT BIRD CAGE is actually a novel clock. The tiny, colorful bird ticks off the seconds while dual rotating dial tells the time. 30-hour Swiss movement. Has alarm. Clock and stand are polished brass. Adaptable to any room decor. \$12.30 pp. Alfred Dunhill, Dept. 10, 620 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 20, N.Y.



YOUR FRIENDS will know whom to thank when you seal Christmas packages with these personalized labels. Box of 100 in gold with red and green wreath border. Specify names and messages desired up to 6 lines per label. \$1.00 pp. Mrs. Dorothy Damar, 717 Damar Bldg., Elizabeth, N. J.

The Man from Ethiopia



HIS name has long since been forgotten,

but what he did will never be forgotten. Here is the story of his discovery.

This nobleman travelled a thousand miles to worship God in Jerusalem, but as yet had not found the true way. In his chariot he was reading his Bible. Just then he met a Christian, Philip, who asked him if he understood what he read. As they sat together in the chariot Philip told the man of Jesus. He related all the facts of His life. He evidently told him how Christ's Church was established on Pentecost. On that day three thousand people believed in Jesus, repented or turned from their sins and were baptized into Christ for the forgiveness of their sins. (Acts 2:38, John 3:5)

Philip evidently taught the nobleman that he must do the same, because the Ethiopian interrupted with this question: "See, here is water; what doth hinder me to be baptized?" The

If you would like to know more about Jesus Christ and his Church or Kingdom, read your Bible, especially your New Testament. Let us all unite in Christ through the restoration of pure New Testament Christianity. Write for your free copy of the valuable booklet, "What Is The Church of Christ?"



scriptures tell us what happened then.

"And Philip said, 'If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.' And he answered and said, 'I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God.' And he commanded the chariot to stand still; and they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch and he baptized him. And when they were come up out of the water, the Spirit of the Lord caught away Philip, that the eunuch saw him no more; and he went on his way rejoicing." (Acts 8:37—39)

Having heard of Jesus, this man believed in Christ as the Son of God, gave his allegiance in an outspoken confession of faith and was born again through the act of baptism.

Are you willing to follow this wonderful example of the man from Ethiopia? Here are five facts you need to face:

1. Man is lost without Christ and cannot save himself. Romans 3:10, Jeremiah 10:23
2. Christ alone can save man. John 14:6
3. Christ died on the cross to make salvation available to all. Matthew 11:20, 30, 1st John 1:7
4. Man must believe in Christ as God's Son and obey the commands of Christ. Mark 16:15-16, Acts 22:16, "He became the author of eternal salvation unto all them that obey Him." Hebrews 5:9
5. You can be just an undenominational Christian like the Ethiopian.

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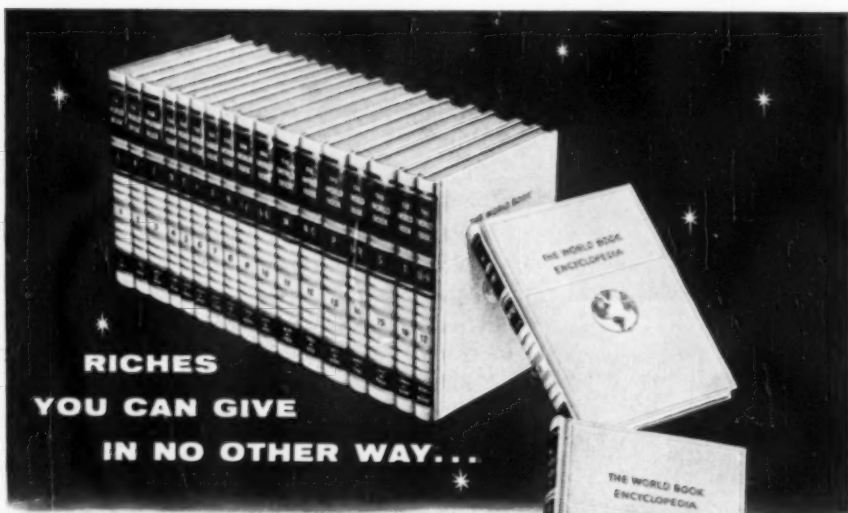
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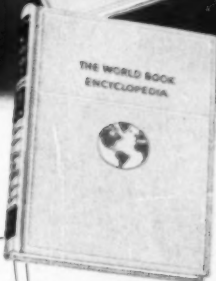


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by KEITH MONROE

Nobody at the ancient games is immune—neither athletes, judges nor spectators. And when the virus strikes, it causes a rash of daffy behavior for which there's no antidote

FOR OVER a half century now, the finest athletes from many lands have gathered at designated intervals to celebrate the ancient Olympic Games. With their national honor at stake, tensions heighten, tempers grow short, and a strange madness seems to come over competitors, officials and spectators alike. And inexplicable things happen.

At Amsterdam, in 1928, the French track team arrived at the Olympic stadium for a practice session and was promptly stopped and told by the gatekeeper, "You cannot enter. You have no permit. Go away."

The French athletes shook the gate like maniacs—to no avail. From inside the stadium, Paul Méricamp, the general secretary of the French



At Helsinki the gatekeepers refused to admit runner carrying ceremonial torch.

Athletic Federation, approached to investigate the disturbance.

"These are accredited athletes from France," Méricamp told the gatekeeper. "They are scheduled to practice in the stadium at this hour."

The gatekeeper shook his head. "No permit."

"Open the gate," said Méricamp, turning purple. "I order it."

The gatekeeper remained firm.

"Very well, I shall open it myself," said Méricamp, stepping forward. The gatekeeper thrust him back with a push that nearly sent him sprawling.

Late that night, after hours of apologizing and pleading, the host officials persuaded France to remain in the Games. The obnoxious gatekeeper would be fired forthwith, they promised.

Next day, in the Babel of foreign tongues and the crush of 75,000 spectators trying to jam into the

stadium, there was more madness brewing. When the teams tried to line up outside for the opening parade, Finland's team got crowded out of line. It lost patience and climbed the fence instead.

As the still-sizzling French marched into the stadium, they spotted the gatekeeper, standing there, obviously still in authority. With a yell, the French broke ranks, rushed him and knocked him down. Police pulled them off before they did much damage, but they refused to rejoin the parade. Only after another night of apologies did they consent, once again, to remain in the Games.

Similar outbreaks of lunacy occur at every Olympiad, and the Games at Melbourne this November will probably prove no exception. The real ruckus should begin during the opening ceremonies. Someone always goes haywire then.

Consider the 1952 Games at Helsinki, Finland. In accordance with ancient tradition, the Olympic torch was lit in Athens and carried by relays of 15,000 runners to Helsinki. There the famous old champion, Paavo Nurmi, was to carry it into the stadium and light the great peristyle torch.

The teams paraded in brilliant national costumes, the stony-faced Russians wearing perfume strong enough to be noticed in the tenth row. The American team, as it passed the Finnish President standing at salute, saluted him right back by aiming cameras at him.

As the huge crowd in the jammed stadium sat wondering where Nurmi was, dignitaries in an official box

overheard talk behind them about "a crazy man in underwear outside the stadium, carrying a big torch and trying to get in. He won't go away. They've sent for police."

The dignitaries hurried to the gate. Sure enough, there stood a balding middle-aged man in a track suit. He carried a magnesium torch which he shook fiercely at the gatekeepers.

"Fools!" the officials bellowed. "This is Finland's greatest runner—Paavo Nurmi! Admit him at once!"

Staring as if they thought the dignitaries were demented, the gatekeepers replied firmly, "He has no ticket."

After a hot argument, the heads of Finland's Olympic Committee got Nurmi through the gate without a ticket. He sprinted into the Stadium with the flame from Mount Olympus and lit the peristyle torch.

Amid the thunder of a great mob, with loud-speakers blaring announcements in four languages, with arm-waving and argument on all sides, it isn't surprising that even a judge sometimes loses his judgment. At Paris, in 1900, a judge thought an American hurdler had run around a hurdle, and disqualified him. When the team screamed that the spike marks on the track proved he had stayed on course, the judge took refuge behind his 18-inch beard and stubbornly refused to look at the marks.

In London, in 1908, the famous brainstorm of the marathon judges occurred. The marathon started at Windsor Castle, 26 miles away, and the first runner to stagger into the stadium was little Dorando Pietri of

Italy. To everyone's amazement, he turned in the wrong direction, then collapsed on the track.

Voices in the crowd cried, "Help him up, there!" Others warned, "Don't touch him! Against the rules!" Confused British officials, uncertain what to do, gathered around the fallen Italian.

Then a rumor spread that C. Hefferon, a marathoner competing under the British flag, was rapidly nearing the stadium. Throughout the London Games there had been bitterness between the Americans and their British hosts. The Americans were rooting for anyone to beat the British. So now the Americans were loud in urging the judges to give the gallant Dorando a helping, or at least a guiding, hand toward the tape before Hefferon overtook him.

But then a great shout rose from the rim of the stadium. An American runner, not a British one, was coming up the road! Scenting victory, the U.S. spectators changed



An extra quarter-mile was added to race when officials gave runners wrong signal.



An oarsman jumped overboard during a race. Nobody, including himself, knew why.

their tune and roared, "Leave that man alone!"

This decided the British judges. Several of them helped poor little Pietri to his feet and turned him in the right direction. He stumbled a few steps, then fell again. He fell four times. Finally, with British officials supporting him, he was dragged over the finish line.

Just as this happened, the American, Johnny Hayes, trotted into the stadium, circled the track and crossed the line almost unnoticed in the tumult around the half-conscious Dorando.

The Italian flag was quickly hoisted to the top of the pole, with the Stars and Stripes under it, to signal that Dorando had won and that Hayes was second. Only after several hours of wild debate did the judges disqualify Dorando. Later, both runners turned professional and cashed in on the publicity with a marathon race at Madison Square Garden. Dorando won by 60 yards.

After 1908, judging was taken from the hands of the host nation and turned over to international committees. But at Los Angeles, in 1932, an official lost count of the laps in the 3000-meter steeplechase, and

held up a numbered card which meant the athletes would run an extra lap. Notified of his error, he refused to change, so the panting athletes had to go an extra quarter-mile.

At London, in 1948, a bemused official plucked out the flag which marked where Bob Mathias' best discus throw landed. Judges searched desperately, continuing with flashlights after dark, until they found the tiny hole where the mark had been.

An American rugby team upset a highly-favored French team in the finals at Paris. This maddened everyone. An American rooter named Nelson had his head split open by a cane, and was tossed out of the grandstand to land across an iron picket fence.

Meanwhile, an American player, Dick Hyland (now a noted sports writer), got a cauliflower ear from a French player. Later Hyland hunted up the Frenchman in the locker room and knocked out his front teeth. A mob of 50,000 Parisians besieged Hyland, his teammates and the referees in the locker room. It took 500 gendarmes to get them to safety.

Only a notably cool-headed official averted a riot at Los Angeles. In the last lap of the 5000-meter race an American, Ralph Hill, moved wide to pass Lauri Lehtinen, the Finn who was leading. Lehtinen, too, swung wide and blocked him. Hill had to break stride and pull up. He switched and tried to pass on the inside. Lehtinen swerved again and hemmed him in. With 100,000 Americans booing and screaming, the two runners frantically lunged for the tape in a tangle of flying elbows.

Judges debated for a full hour before they gave out the name of the winner: Lehtinen. The great stadium shook with an angry roar as Lehtinen stepped up on the winner's stand. The Finn was tearful and apologetic. "I don't know what came over me," he said, trying to draw Hill up beside him. Hill kept his place on the second step. Spectators swarmed from the stands and headed for Lehtinen.

A quiet remark came over the loud-speaker from Bill Henry, the American announcer: "Remember, please, these people are our guests." It magically calmed everyone except a few officials who stormed up to the booth and demanded to make various comments over the loud-speaker—but Henry firmly held the mike away from them, and in a few moments everything was peaceful. Hill and Lehtinen dined together in perfect friendliness that evening.

It isn't surprising that an athlete is keyed up when he carries his nation's colors into Olympic competition. The memory of triumph or defeat will be with him for the rest

of his life—and no wonder he sometimes gets overexcited.

At Antwerp, in 1920, an American athlete picked up a 16-pound shot and flung it at a teammate (luckily he missed); and an oarsman jumped out of his boat in mid-race. At Los Angeles, a boxer entered the ring nude beneath his bathrobe. At St. Louis, in 1904, the marathon runner who finished first was discovered to have hitchhiked part way in an auto. At Paris, a French boxer



His appetite for battle led a French boxer to take a bite out of his foe.

bit his British opponent. (Later, a Paris paper asked if the Frenchman had suffered any ill effects.)

So it isn't surprising that Melbourne expects an epidemic of brainstorms. But as Bill Henry says, "The important thing about the Olympics is that in spite of the crazy incidents and quarrels—which are always magnified by world-wide publicity—in spite of everything that goes wrong, the friendships formed at Olympic Games often last for a lifetime."





TWO WOMEN were coming from an exhibit of abstract art. "I wouldn't have them in my house," said one decisively. "After all, I have a 16-year-old daughter. And with those abstract paintings, you never know whether they are decent or not."

—*Revue (Quote translation)*

WAITING for my gas tank to be filled in a small town in the White Mountains, I said to the attendant, "There are a lot of pretty things to see around here."

"They shore is," he agreed. "From the spot you're standin' on you even could see the new shoppin' center if it wuzzent fur that danged mountain."

—*Pen*

A YOUNG WOMAN was admiring an antique chair in her neighbor's home. "This is beautiful!" she said enthusiastically. "What is it—a Sheraton 1875, Hepplewhite 1732, or a Chippendale 1753?"

"It's none of those," replied the neighbor. "It's a Macy \$14.93."

—*A.M.A. Journal*

AN AMERICAN ARMY GENERAL was first introduced to golf in Scotland, where his host took him out to the links for a demonstration. Placing a ball on the tee, the host

stepped up and swung mightily. The club hit the turf and sent chunks of earth flying.

Again the host took a husky cut at the ball and again it did not budge.

The General commented: "There seems to be a fair amount of exercise in this game, but I fail to see the use of the ball."

—*Wall Street Journal*

AN OLD FISHING CAPTAIN ran a little inn in the tranquil village of Wellfleet on Cape Cod and the Cape was feeling the pinch of bad times. A friend asked one day, "Captain, how is the hotel business?"

"Well," drawled the Captain, "I ain't never yit made enough to quit, an' I ain't never yit lost enough to quit. I hope to the Lord I do one or the other this season."

—*EDWARD L. FRIEDMAN, The Speechmaker's Complete Handbook (Harper & Bros., N. Y.)*

A TOURIST stopped at a service station in the Deep South as an old man in a very dilapidated Model T drove up to one of the pumps and called out, "Gimme a dollar's worth o' gas, Henry."

"Why don't you fill'er up, Dave?" the attendant asked.

"Wa-a-al, Henry," he replied,

CORONET



"I'm afraid she might not run that fur."

—Quote

A MOTHER NOTICED that her older child wouldn't play with little Alice. "Dear, why aren't you and your friends nicer to Alice?" she asked.

Her daughter answered indignantly, "Because she's too young and just tags along—she ruins everything."

"Well, dear, let Alice play with you and please be more patient with her."

Later, the mother looked outside only to see Alice sitting alone. "Alice," she called, "aren't the girls playing with you?"

"Oh yes, Mama," Alice answered happily. "I'm the maid and it's my day off."

—BLAIR MC ELROY

A SOCIALLY AMBITIOUS young woman made her husband's life miserable trying to get him to rent a more expensive apartment. One evening he came home in very good humor.

"Good news, dearest!" he cried. "We don't have to move. The landlord has raised the rent."

—Serial Federal's Home Life

AFTER much coaxing, an old country woman finally consented to spend a day with a daughter living

in the city. It proved an ordeal from the beginning. Buses were packed, people stepped on her feet—and it poured down rain. Upon arriving home at last, her granddaughter asked her, "Did you have a good time?"

"Good time?" repeated the old woman wearily. "Lord bless you, child, I'm so glad I'm home that I'm glad I went."

—Charley Jones' Laugh Book

ONE housewife to another: Warren handles all the money in our family. I only handle the charge accounts."

—Wall Street Journal

DURING HIS YOUNG reporter days, Heywood Broun was sent by his editor to interview a pompous senator. Aware that the paper was his severest critic, the senator received the journalist coldly.

"Young man," he said, "I have nothing to say."

"I know," replied Broun politely, "but I still would like to ask you a few questions, anyway, Senator."

—E. E. EDGAR

A TOURING Texan stopped at a Florida roadside market and upon seeing a watermelon, asked, "What's the price of this cantaloupe?"

The clerk looked at him and then at his license plate, and witheringly replied: "Take your finger off that olive."

—Flow Line

Why not send your funny story to "Grin and Share It" Editor, Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.? Please give your source. Payment is made upon publication, and no contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

A living skeleton with haunted eyes, the Russian D.P. regained faith in humanity—and himself—when a 57-year-old grandmother “adopted” him

“I Bought a Man for \$50”

by LEDIA STROTHER
as told to ANDREW HAMILTON

VIKTOR SCHEGLOW was certainly no bargain that hot summer afternoon in 1951. A pitiful, 100-pound skeleton of a man in his late 40s—gray haired, not much over five feet tall. His baggy clothing reeked. His staring blue eyes held a terror-frozen look. But he clicked his rundown heels, bent at the waist and kissed my hand.

Viktor was one of 450,000 displaced persons who have entered the U.S. since the end of World War II. The son of a St. Petersburg doctor, he had been a teen-age officer in the Russian Imperial Army, a waiter in a Budapest club, a watch repairman in Germany, an ironer of fancy ladies' garments in France.

He had come to this country from a D.P. camp in Austria under a program sponsored by the National Association of the Churches of Christ in the U.S. His first few months were spent on an orange ranch near Santa Ana, California. But he was too frail for the heavy outdoor work, and his sponsors brought him to a Russian

language class I was teaching at Santa Ana Junior College, and begged me to take him off their hands.

And so I bought a man—a total stranger—for \$50 in legal fees and his transportation ticket from port of debarkation. Me—a 57-year-old grandmother living alone on a small income.

Why? Perhaps it was because this tiny, broken man reminded me of the Russia I had known before the 1917 Communist Revolution. But more likely it was the haunted look in his eyes that pleaded for help.

I took Viktor to my home in Newport Beach and showed him a sunny room over the garage. Excited as a child, he turned on the shower full blast, flushed the toilet, sat gingerly on the edge of an easy chair.

“This is the first time in years I have had a room to myself,” he said, wonderingly.

The next step was to buy him overalls, blue work shirts, underwear, socks and handkerchiefs. He



accepted them gravely—all except the handkerchiefs.

"I hope you will not be offended," he said, and quoted a Russian proverb I had long forgotten: "Gift handkerchiefs catch only tears."

Though lean as a lizard, Viktor ate sparingly of the stews and steaks, salads and pies I served him. He was polite but picky.

One day, it occurred to me that perhaps he would eat more if I prepared Russian food. Viktor smacked his thin lips and shoved it in like a hungry boy at every meal. He didn't gain an ounce—but I put on 20 pounds!

As his strength returned, Viktor looked for chores around the house. Somewhere in his past he had worked as a gardener, and he had a magic touch with growing things. But he was convinced that flowers were a waste of valuable time and good soil. What we needed, he suggested, were vegetable seeds and young turkeys and chicks. Then he could raise our food.

Next day, I brought home a lug of onion sets. Viktor jiggled with joy.

"Ah, onions!" he exclaimed. "I love them. They're so good for the stomach."

From then on, we were awash in onions. Viktor planted them in the front yard, in the back yard, in the flower beds, around the walnut trees.

I also bought some baby turkeys and chicks. He hammered together a poultry run, but as the little peepers became long-legged birds, they grew noisier and smellier. Finally, the neighbors complained and Viktor had to slaughter them for the deep freeze.

At first, Viktor's desire to learn English was razor-keen. I taught him, with the assistance of television which he watched by the hour. His progress was slow, but he did acquire a rare assortment of jive lingo from the comedy and musical programs—plastered over with a thick Russian accent.

Finally, I decided the time had come for him to get a regular job, for he must learn to cope with the world once again. I thought perhaps he could establish an antique furniture and clock-repairing business, using his room as headquarters. But when he ruined the finish on a couple of pieces of my own furniture, I realized that he was something of a Walter Mitty who often mixed fantasy with fact when recounting his former experiences.

I found him gardening jobs in the neighborhood, but he had fixed notions on how yard work should be done—which did not always coincide with the ideas of the owner.

As the alchemy of American con-

vention and custom worked on him, his independence increased. "Mr. Niet," I began to call him. A polite, meek-mannered little man, his soft-but-firm "niet" (Russian for "no") revealed a will of steel that had helped him survive four decades of war, prison, poverty and D.P. camps.

The time had come, I realized, to push Viktor out of the nest. During his first months in the U.S., he had been desperately lonely, terrorized by the possibility of making a misstep and being deported. Then, in the two years he lived above my garage, life had been too easy for him, perhaps. What he needed was the opportunity of standing on his own feet.

I consulted Leo Kay, president of Humanity Calls, Inc., an organization that assists victims of communism. He agreed that Viktor should be able to make his own way now, that sheltering him further would only retard his rehabilitation.

It seemed a little like drowning a pet kitten, but I explained to Viktor why he must go to Los Angeles to look for a job. He argued against the

move for a week. He gave in when I packed his clothes and put them in my car. We drove silently to the city and, as I left him, the terror that I had first seen in him was creeping back into his eyes.

For several months I heard nothing and wondered whether I should ever see him again. Then one Saturday morning there he was at the door dressed in "Balboa Blues"—a sky-blue denim cloth popularly used to make yachtsmen's trousers and jackets—his grin as wide as the new moon.

"Look at me," he said in English. "I get job in hospital. Help doctors with surgery."

A flood of Russian filled in the details of how Viktor had found his niche in the Temple Hospital. He had started as a porter—but already had made something more of the job. Because of his boyhood training, when he assisted his doctor-father, he was trusted to keep the surgery clean, the instruments shining and sterile.

He lived in a one-room apartment 24 blocks from the hospital. To save carfare, he walked—rain, shine or smog. At night, when few people were on the streets, he took off his shoes and trudged barefooted to save leather.

The hospital paid him \$32 a week to start and one meal, when he stuffed himself so that he could hardly move. He existed the rest of the day on a can of sardines, a box of crackers or a couple of hardboiled eggs. A cup of tea with lemon was a treat.

That job has been the making of Viktor. He has gradually lost his



He had a magic touch with growing things—but his favorite was the onion.

fear of the world and his dependence on me.

In three years, he has saved more than \$2,000 out of his slim salary and is turning over a retirement scheme in his mind. Because he does not want to be dependent in his old age, he plans to invest his savings in old houses, rebuild them and sell at a profit. This may be another of his Walter Mitty dreams, but it is a measure of his new security and independence.

He is continually astonished at the things Americans throw away. Even today, his curiosity drives him to investigate trash cans and municipal dumps for what he calls "treasures"—old clocks, discarded books, broken vases.

His favorite American food, amazingly, is avocados, which are cheap and plentiful in California. Sometimes he makes a whole meal of them. They remind him of fattening Russian dishes and have even replaced onions as his favorite.

Television never ceases to amaze him—especially the commercials.

"Why is it necessary to coax people to buy these wonderful products?" he asks. "In Russia, and in many parts of the world, people cannot buy such things—even when they have money."

Viktor reached one of life's plateaus a year ago when he bought a 1942 Chevrolet. He hasn't yet learned to operate it well enough to pass the California driver's test. But he faithfully polishes it every day, and leaves it permanently parked in front of his apartment house for all to admire. He has had photographs taken of himself—sitting proudly at

the wheel holding the keys—to send to relatives in Europe. This is irrefutable proof that he has made good in America. When he learns to drive, Viktor dreams of renting an automobile trailer and touring the country: "You know, like that pretty lady on TV sings about—'*See the U.S.A. in your Chevrolet!*'"

Viktor passionately loves his adopted country. He is nearing the end of the five-year probationary period required of a D.P. This summer he plans to start on a program that will help him obtain his American citizenship.

When I once asked him how he had managed to survive his years of terror and misery, he told me, "Very simple. I learn the secret in the D.P. camp in Austria, when we were so near the Russian border. *Those who prayed survived—those who didn't perished.* I have prayed much ever since."

The man I bought for \$50 was a frightened, helpless little rabbit of a human being—crushed by history, terrified by life. Today, five years later, he is a useful member of



Viktor proudly polished his old car, the symbol of his success in America.

society, doing a necessary job, paying his own way.

"People's lives," he says, "depend on how clean I keep the surgical instruments."

He and I are friends—no longer "D.P." and "sponsor."

In helping Viktor, I have also paid a long-standing debt to America. Thirty-seven years ago I married a tall, Indiana-born U.S. Army sergeant named Logan Strother, who brought me to this country as a war bride. During those years, many Americans have been kind to me. I am happy that I could pass on this blessing to another who needed it.

Not long ago, I visited Viktor at the Temple Hospital. He was im-

pressive in his starched, pale green uniform, and held himself so erect that he seemed taller than he really was.

One of the doctors, passing by, said to him, "Well, Viktor, do you think Mrs. Jones is ready for her operation today?"

"Yes, sir," Viktor smiled importantly. "I think she ready, sir."

Two nurses gave him a cheery greeting and, as he batted their wisecracks right back, suddenly I remembered something.

"Why, Viktor! You don't kiss the ladies' hands any more."

"That's right," he said. "We Americans don't kiss hands. Besides, it's not sanitary—too many germs."



Quick Comebacks

A TEACHER had told her class of youngsters that Milton, the poet, was blind. The next day she asked if any of them remembered what Milton's great affliction was.

"Yes'm," replied one little fellow seriously, "he was a poet."

—Sunshine

AN OLD FELLOW walked into the unemployment office and asked for the necessary papers to fill out. Laboriously he spelled his name: George Washington.

The amused clerk inquired, "Were you the one who cut down the cherry tree?"

"No sir," the old fellow replied, "I haven't had any work for more'n a year now."

—Cincinnati Enquirer

AT A LECTURE the speaker orated fervently: "He drove straight to his goal. He looked neither to the right nor to the left, but pressed forward, moved by a definite purpose. Neither friend nor foe could delay him or turn him from his course. All who crossed his path did so at their own peril. What would you call such a man?"

From the audience a woman's voice could be heard muttering: "A taxi driver."

—Balance Sheet



Death Saw the Stop Sign

He held the wheel—and three lives in his hands—as the huge van hurtled down the mountain at 80 mph . . . its brakes gone

by KATHRYN McFAUN, as told to GEORGE RIEMER

EVER SINCE I WAS A CHILD I've had terrible nightmares in which someone close to me was killed while I stood helplessly by. One Sunday morning last July, 1955, something happened while I was awake that made me pray it might be a nightmare.

My husband John and I breed show horses. We'd had four at a showing in Connecticut and were on our way home to Ipswich, Massachusetts.

We'd left the show early Sunday morning in order to beat the traffic. John was ahead of me, driving the five-ton horse van which has sleeping space and a telephone that lets John call Red or Vern back in the trailer.

Red, who is 23, is John's assistant and young Vern is our groom. On trips, their job is to see the horses don't get skittish and kick out the van's walls.

For a change I wasn't riding cooped up in the prison-gray van but was following in a '55 convertible, a blazing red Oldsmobile Starfire. It was a bright sunny morning and I had the top down.

Ahead, John was creeping up the steep, long back of one of those high ridges that hump up in the center of Connecticut. When we got to the top, I let the van gather downhill speed while I looked at my watch. It was 9:30. Traffic would start thickening now with people on their way to or from church.

When I finally started after John, it seemed to me he was going recklessly fast. I noticed some wet, slick spots on the road and an oily, thick smoke streaming out from under the van. I shot ahead to find out what was wrong. When I pulled alongside the cab

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM REICHMAN



I saw John was steering with his right hand and tugging at the emergency brake with his left, his eyes frozen on the road.

"Get out of the way!" he shouted desperately. "Get back! *My brakes are gone!*"

As I dropped back, too frightened and confused to do anything else, Red's head poked out the side door of the van. He looked puzzled and scared. I suddenly realized the wet spots on the road were hydraulic fluid. Since the cab's telephone works on a vacuum principle, the same as the brakes, poor Red couldn't even find out from John that they were rolling down a mountain utterly helpless.

I KNEW John was looking for a field or side road he could turn into. He could have jumped and saved himself, but then the van would crash into the trees or down a ravine. The four heavy horses would slide forward from their stalls at the rear of the van and come slamming against Red and Vern, thrashing and kicking.

I pushed my foot hard on the gas pedal and shot the convertible ahead of the van. As I passed the cab I heard John shouting over and over, "Out of the way!"

He didn't mean me. He meant anyone who might be ahead, hidden by twists of the road, rolling lazily down some private driveway or out of a side lane. He was yelling because his horn worked on the same system with the brakes and was out too.

The hill at this particular point was not terribly steep. I jammed

down the horn and kept it down. Along the way there were signs . . . NO PASSING . . . SIDE ROAD . . . WINDING ROAD. I passed a boy on a bike and in the rear-view mirror saw John swing the van far left.

My first big shock came as I rounded a curve. About a half mile ahead was a stop light with two cars facing uphill waiting for the light to change. The first car had its directional light blinking. It was going to make a left turn directly in John's path!

I pushed the convertible down to the intersection fast and tore up a grassy embankment a few yards from the car, waving and begging the driver not to move. He looked at me in amazement and to my utter horror began to make a distracted, looping left turn, his eyes on me instead of the onrushing van.

He was barely past the center of the road when John hit the intersection. He must have been going over 60, but he swung cleanly around the tail of the car turning left, then skidded back into his own lane.

I didn't wait to see what the two cars did. I backed down the embankment and raced after John.

A quarter mile on I saw a turn in the road. I clung to the van's tail till John started his turn. By cutting across grass and gravel I was able to make a tighter turn inside of John's and once again nosed to the front. I caught the briefest glimpse of Red but didn't see Vern.

You'd think in this crisis my mind would concentrate on getting us safely to the bottom of the hill. But I kept thinking trivial things, like what the horses were doing or what

shows were ahead of us or how friends said our 15-year marriage had gotten to be one of "horses and habit." I even felt like laughing when I saw a warning: "Slow Down to 30 Miles an Hour."

But suddenly my mouth went dry. Speed limits mean towns. A second later I saw another sign: "Winsted, population 10,000."

I remembered Winsted from other trips—a busy, narrow main street running along the Mad River; factories, filling stations, shops. It was Sunday, thank God. They'd be closed. Then I remembered there was a big, stone Roman Catholic Church right on the roadway ahead.

It was at this moment I wished I were having a nightmare.

I kept looking into the mirror at John, almost hoping to see him crash the van into one of the empty factories we were passing instead of trying to race through a crowded street.

At the entrance to Winsted was a red light marking a juncture with two highways. I don't know what my speedometer read but it must have been over 80.

We ran the light without mishap.

The street, now quite narrow, was made still narrower by cars parked along the curb. If steering was hard for me, it must have been almost impossible for John, but he was still coming. I made up my mind that if I saw anyone in the road, pedestrian or car, and a crash looked unavoidable, I would swing into the nearest shop window. I wondered what John would do.

A pedestrian saw us coming and kept a car from driving into our path. A woman backing out from

the curb killed her motor by her sudden stop.

Midway through town we screeched around a corner and there was the church. On the sidewalk a policeman stood ready to direct traffic. *But the church doors were still closed.* Not one soul was in the street.

Just past the church, the street split in two around a large grassy circle protected by a ring of iron pipe and chain. My tires complained loudly when I went round it. I felt sure John would choose to plow through the chains, hoping they would stop him. But the instant his tires began to squeal I knew he was taking the turn too.

On the east side of Winsted, the Mad River cuts sharply under the highway. The bridge over it is wide enough for two cars, though not wide enough for a truck and a car. Four or five cars were on the other side of the bridge and moving toward us. If John could get past the bridge, he'd be all right because the grade starts climbing then.

I was so intent on getting to the bridge and stopping those cars that I didn't see, until too late, that I was running another red light and crossing a major highway. What made me realize it was a monstrous truck roaring down from the north, the driver blowing his horn and shaking his fist at *me*. He didn't see John until the very last moment. Then all he could do was lower his head and charge on.

John leaned the van as far as he could to the truck's rear and they missed by the breadth of a paint job.

Up ahead, the first car was already on the bridge, the second about

to enter it. Then I heard a curious screeching sound and looked into the mirror. John was driving up against the curb. A cloud of dust and bluish smoke from his wheels made it hard to see what was happening, but he was slowing down.

John stopped the van a bare 20 feet from the bridge buttress. He'd used the side walls of his tires against the curbing as a brake.

I got to the cab a few steps behind Red. John's face was the color of ashes and he couldn't talk. When Red finally got his fingers pried loose from the wheel we saw blood dripping from the brake handle. John's other hand was frozen so tightly to the grip that it took Red more than ten minutes to get his bleeding fingers unlocked. I realized for the first time, then, that John had driven the entire way *one-handed!*

"I'm officer Resha," I heard a voice say behind me. "Don't try to

talk now. Let's have some coffee."

It was good to be standing on the ground. Blood hummed pleasantly through the soles of my feet as I made my way through a broad stream of people into a church. No one seemed to notice me. At the door I heard someone ask, "Was there a wedding? I heard car horns."

In a way, I guess there had been a wedding. I went inside the church to thank God for letting me learn something a lot of women never know for sure until too late—how much I loved my husband.

When I left the church it looked as if everybody in town had collected around the van. I heard Red laughing and saw him mussing Vern's hair. Vern looked confused, while everyone around them was grinning.

When Red saw me he called out: "Vern just now woke up. He wants to know were we arrested for speeding."



Succinetly Said



ONE OF THE HARDEST things for a man to understand is how his bedroom slippers manage to move so far away from him during the night.

—O. A. BATTISTA

I SAW A MOVIE on television so old that England was lending money to America.

—BOB HOPE

AT MANY Hollywood parties, the main argument of the evening is, "Who invited the host?"

—Happy Variety

FISHING is simplicity itself: all you have to do is get there yesterday when the fish were biting.

—W. A. BROOKS, *Fishin' Fur* (DERBY PRESS)

THE AUTO HASN'T completely replaced the horse. We haven't yet seen a bronze statue of a man sitting under a steering wheel.

—GEAR-O-GRAM

Sharpen Your Word Sense!

by ROGER B. GOODMAN

HAVEN'T YOU often thought, "If only I had the proper words to express what I feel!" Well, here's a quiz to sharpen your word sense. Below is a passage by a noted author, with certain words missing. Fill in the blanks with *your* choice from the list below. Then check them with the writer's words, to be found on page 66.

AFTER four years of 1— service, marked by 2— courage and 3—, the Army of Northern Virginia has been 4— to yield to 5— numbers and resources.

I need not tell the brave 6— of so many 7— battles, who have remained 8— to the last, that I have 9— to this result from no 10— of them; but feeling that 11— and devotion could 12— nothing that could 13— for the loss that must have attended the 14— of the contest, I 15— to avoid the useless sacrifice of those whose past services have 16— them to their countrymen.

By the terms of the agreement, officers and men can return to their homes and remain until exchanged. You will take with you the satisfaction that 17— from the consciousness of duty 18— performed; and I 19— pray that a Merciful God will extend to you His blessing and protection.

With an 20— admiration for your 21— and devotion to your Country, and a 22— remembrance of your kind and 23— consideration for myself, I bid you all an 24— farewell.

Choose one word from each line on this list:

- | | | |
|--|--|--|
| 1. hard, back-breaking, arduous | 9. consented, surrendered, lent myself | 17. derives, proceeds, comes |
| 2. unsurpassed, terrific, great | 10. fear, lack of sureness, distrust | 18. faithfully, devotedly, bravely |
| 3. fortitude, bravery, "stick-to-it-iveness" | 11. bravery, valor, devotedness | 19. sincerely, fervently, earnestly |
| 4. made, forced, compelled | 12. do, conceive, accomplish | 20. enlarged, abundant, unceasing |
| 5. larger, bigger, overwhelming | 13. compensate, make up, pay | 21. devoutness, contentiousness, constancy |
| 6. remnants, survivors, remaining | 14. carrying on, keeping up, continuance | 22. kind, complete, grateful |
| 7. big, hard fought, terrific | 15. determined, made up my mind, decided | 23. generous, selfless, unencumbered |
| 8. steadfast, true-blue, with me | 16. attached, endeared, enhanced | 24. affectionate, old soldier's, everlasting |

Audrey Hepburn Goes Back to the Bar

It's the traditional rack, on which
ballet dancers torturously perfect their art

by MARK NICHOLS

AUDREY HEPBURN today is reputedly the world's highest paid actress—\$350,000 a picture plus expenses. But at heart she remains a dancer. The daughter of an Irish father and a Dutch mother, Audrey began studying classical ballet at 12. World War II caught her in Nazi-occupied Holland, where starvation rations left her too weak to continue her lessons. In London afterwards, she resumed ballet training, but went to work as a chorus girl "because I needed the money; it paid £3 more than ballet jobs."

In musical comedy, Audrey's grace and poise attracted attention. She received modeling offers, and then minor acting jobs. Ultimately, she landed on Broadway in *Gigi*. Overnight, Audrey Hepburn—a ballet dancer who had never performed in a ballet—became a starring actress. Then, going on to Hollywood, she won an Academy Award for her performance in *Roman Holiday*.

Now, at 27, the brown-haired, brown-eyed Audrey returns to her first love, dancing, with Fred Astaire in her new picture, *Funny Face*. To meet his—and her own—perfectionist demands she had to polish her techniques to a high luster. But a long layoff can make a dancer rusty, and doubts began to cloud Audrey's forehead (*right*).

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID SEYMOUR





ONE DAY LAST SPRING, this pencil-thin elf with the doe eyes and irregularly-shaped teeth stepped to an exercise rail in a Paris studio. Taking a deep breath, she began the strenuous bending and stretching routines which have tormented ballet dancers for the last 200 years. These basic pulls (*above*) are designed to stretch the body muscles. For her practice sessions, Audrey wore a wool blouse and wool tights (for warmth), size 8AA (high metatarsal) ballet slippers, and a pony-tail hairdo.

Like a boxer or a runner, a dancer can suffer painful accidents—a sprained back, a twisted ankle—if her muscles are not conditioned for split-second movement. “Ballet,” Audrey says, “taught me discipline. Like knowing how to relax without looking sloppy.” Audrey credits much of her acting success to rigid dance fundamentals which she has never forgotten: “Ballet teaches you to make every movement and gesture meaningful.”



Audrey assumes the second position: right arm extended, shoulders lowered, right foot "pointed." "When I don't dance," says Audrey, "I always get fat in the wrong places. Most of all, I get hippy."

She has the ideal dancer's figure: height, 5'6 $\frac{3}{4}$ ", waist 21" and 35" hips. She has long thin arms and legs, and is noticeably flat-chested—32 $\frac{1}{2}$ ". Audrey has a simple diet formula: she eats everything—in small portions.





FOR TWO MONTHS before shooting began on her film musical, Audrey studied with dance master Lucien Legrand of the Paris Opera ballet.

Practicing before a mirror (above), Audrey does a *révérence*, the low, sweeping bow which reputedly dates back to Louis XIV. Her hands fall in the broken-wrist position, traditional with French and Russian-trained dancers, to give a delicate, spidery effect.

Many of her movie routines call for leaps. To help her achieve a soft, light bounce (known as *ballon*), Legrand guides Audrey in a jump (left).

As practice progresses, suppleness returns. Audrey pushes her body into a long line almost parallel with the floor, in the *arabesque*. She low-rates her talent: "I'll never really be better than adequate." But Astaire disagrees: "Audrey's extremely talented, and she learns with amazing speed."






Mirror makes it easier for Legrand to correct Audrey's mistakes and teach her subtle nuances.

WHILE MAKING *Sabrina* in Hollywood three years ago, Audrey worked with Eugene Loring, Broadway and movie choreographer, to brush up on dance technique.

When Loring was assigned to create the dances for *Funny Face*, Audrey was delighted "because he's familiar with all my limitations." The only limitations Loring lists for her are "modesty and legs a bit too long." He devised her dances—a hectic jazz number, a romantic duet with Astaire, and a lyrical acting solo—around her stylized mannerisms and her "pixie sense of comedy."



But as her muscles tone up, a truly confident smile illuminates Critic Audrey Hepburn's face for the first time in weeks. Her fears have vanished. Now she knows that she can put her best foot forward.

Living It Up —

THE PARDESES, William and Alayne, live with their two boys in one of the richest income sections of the United States—Westchester County, New York. Most of their neighbors in the city of White Plains earn over \$8,000 a year. Yet electrical engineer Bill Pardes earns but \$6,200 a year. And no rich uncle left him stocks, bonds or family jewels.

The mystery is heightened by an inspection of the Pardeses' \$15,000 Colonial home on a half acre. In the living room sits a baby grand piano, in the kitchen a new 11-cubic-foot refrigerator. In the master bedroom is an air cooler and a television, in the basement a power saw, a good washing machine and another, older TV. Outside stands a 1953 Ford, which Bill bought new.

How does Bill do it on take-home pay of \$468 a month? According to all the careful statistics, he should only have about \$150 left after paying for food, clothing and the house. How can he get medical bills, lunches, movies, vacations, insurance and the rest out of that and still buy all these appliances and gadgets?

Bill's answer is simple, direct and revealing of life in today's changed America.

"We live on the installment plan,"

by HAROLD MEHLING

It's easy to buy "on time" but is it right? Have Americans gone credit-crazy? Here is a down-to-earth analysis of our new "nickel millionaire" way of life

On the Installment Plan

he says. "There's practically nothing inside or outside this house that hasn't been bought at so much down and so much a month."

And there it is. Bill and Alayne Pardes, in their early 30s, are one of a vast number of families who don't want to wait until they've saved the full price of an electric dryer, and don't intend to make do without it. They get it now, on credit.

Never in the history of any country have so many people been so far in hock for so many things. And never have so many institutions tried to get so many borrowers to borrow even more.

Today, 55 per cent of families are paying off installment debts. Almost two-thirds of the refrigerators and three-fourths of the automobiles are bought on time. In 1945, the average family owed less than 4¢ of each dollar that would be earned during the week ahead. Now we mortgage 13¢ of it in advance.

This trend is bothering many economists, who call the credit lenders "nickel millionaires" and say they're operating on a "pay-as-you-went" system. They question the effect of rising credit on the national economy, too.

Another question—and its answer may be far more important in the long run—is whether this way of liv-

ing is a moral way. These observers wonder whether the installment-plan approach to life is affecting the very fibre and fabric of our society. Their major charges are these:

Credit living weakens our regard for thrift and brings on a heady, irresponsible attitude toward our lives.

Monthly-payment families gradually turn over their life decisions to an all-powerful payment book, and thus lose their ability to plot their own destinies.

Bill Pardes denies this. "If I want something, and I find credit terms I can handle, why, I'll have it," he says. "No reason not to, is there?"

Some people say there are plenty of reasons not to. Among them that—"it's downright immoral!" Some of Bill Pardes' contemporaries agree with this viewpoint, but they are a minority whose ranks are thinning with each passing month.

The bulk of installment living is being done today by the huge number of 20- to 40-year-old families earning between \$5,000 and \$7,500 a year.

Bill Pardes, who is in the middle of this group, says the situation is not scandalous, but necessary and wholesome.

"It's almost impossible to accumulate all the money you need at

one time," he argues. "Why is it wrong, then, to borrow it? Businesses do it all the time and always have. So why should it be wrong for individuals like us?"

Alexander B. Marshall, an accountant living on the same income as the Pardeses but in a home whose lower mortgage is their only debt and whose rooms contain far fewer possessions, answers Bill's question this way:

"We want a new refrigerator, too. Ours is much too small. But to pay it off over a year we'd have to commit ourselves to installments of \$25 or \$35 a month. We want an automatic washer and a replacement for the living room rug, and I'm afraid that if we start buying a refrigerator that way we'll take on the rest and soon find ourselves in hot water."

SO HOW does this family get its refrigerator?

"Every month we put away what the installment payment would come to," Alice Marshall explains. "We'll have to wait a year this way but, when we get it, it will be all ours. Aside from saving the finance charges and getting interest on our own money in a savings account, I think we're going to be proud of ourselves for being able to do it the hard way."

Bill Pardes, on the other hand, sees no reason why he shouldn't be just as proud of his credit system. "This is the hard way, too," he says. "I have to meet my monthly payments. That's an obligation that calls for a lot of thrift and careful budgeting, isn't it?"

The finance charges point up an-

other difference of opinion between the pro- and anti-credit livers. When Bill put \$25 down on his new refrigerator and amortized the \$225 balance, it cost him \$15 in interest. Add to that the \$10.13 he would have received in interest for his \$225 in a 3 per cent savings account, and the total cost of his installment method comes to \$25.13.

"If you break that down," Bill says, "you find I paid a premium of \$1.40 a month to have my refrigerator a year and a half earlier. To me, it's worth it."

Both the Pardeses and the Marshalls grew up in limited-income families who waited to buy until they had the full price. Both did without some things as a result because the full price sometimes failed to materialize.

Al Marshall's reaction: "Those days taught me that you can't always see far enough ahead. If you won't ever have the full price, you won't ever have the total of the installment payments, either. I think it's better to discipline yourself a little and pay as you go."

Bill Pardes' reaction: "I've found that if you want things you have to stick your neck out to get them and then work hard to pay them off. I'll take the chance."

Bill Pardes concedes that there is such a thing as drowning in a sea of indebtedness, too. He also agrees with a statement by Arthur O. Dietz, president of the C. I. T. Financial Corporation, one of the largest finance agencies in the nation, that "consumer debt can be too high only to the extent that it includes debt which should never have been in-

curred in the first place." On their first plunge into the installment way of life, Bill and his wife found this to be all too true.

"We only had Greg, our older boy, then," he says, "and Alayne was working part time as a teacher. But I was earning about \$1,000 a year less, so we weren't really better off than we are now. Even so, we wanted a home to be ready for our second child. I found this house with a down payment of \$3,000 and I only had \$2,500. So I borrowed \$1,000, to keep us from moving in broke."

Since the bank deducted its 4¼ per cent interest in advance, he received \$957.50 and had to repay it at the rate of \$41.66 a month over two years.

"It was too much," Bill admits, and Alayne nods in painful reminiscence. "The doctor's fee for the baby was \$150, and after Alayne talked it over with him he agreed to take it in small installments. That came to about \$20 a month for a while.

"By that time, together with a regular \$33 on my auto loan and \$100 a month on the mortgage, I was paying out about \$200 every month just in installments. It was almost half my take-home pay."

To bail himself out, Bill had to add Saturdays to his work week. Fortunately, he has educated fingers with saws and sanders, and many months of Saturday woodworking eventually brought him out of the red.

Not that it was as simple as it sounds, though. To turn out his woodwork, Bill needed a power

saw whose \$130 price confronted him with a classic dilemma of credit. "I couldn't afford to take on still another monthly payment," he recalls. "That would have put me into a vicious circle. But I had to have the saw, so I borrowed the price from a friend who could wait a year. I cleared out my debts, then repaid him. Now some people might say that was ridiculous—borrowing more money when I was too far into debt already—but when you think about it, it does make sense, doesn't it?"

No-credit Al Marshall agrees that the loan was necessary under the circumstances, but asks, "Were the circumstances necessary in the first place?"

Bill Pardes' reply: "The circumstances were, but the amount was too much. I try not to let my total installment debt get very far over \$550 or so these days. That's my safe speed. The important thing is to find it out in time."

Part of Bill's current debts consist of a sort of revolving-door bank loan, which he uses to get good discounts for cash purchases. As he pays off one loan, another comes along, which makes this debt as regular a part of the Pardeses' lives as their meals.

The chart on the following page shows how the Pardeses spend Bill's monthly take-home pay of \$468.

The amount of the Pardeses' income that goes for installment indebtedness is within the limits the economists consider safe. It has been higher and it will rise again when Bill turns in his car for a new one, but he will try to keep it within the

EXPENDITURES	AMOUNT	PER CENT OF INCOME
Food, Clothing	\$205.92	44
Shelter	107.00	22½
home mortgage, taxes, insurance, assessments		
Other Expenses	92.11	20¼
medical, utilities, entertainment, insurance, incidentals		
Installment Debts	62.97	13¼
bank loan \$27.78		
refrigerator 20.44		
furniture 14.75		
	\$468.00	100

ranges of these economists' rules of thumb:

1. A young or newlywed family with immediate, urgent needs and a solid promise of a bright future can feel safe in owing a maximum of what 10 per cent of 18 months' take-home salary would pay off in that time. Thus, a family with the Pardeses' or Marshalls' gross salary of \$6,200 (take-home pay about \$5,616) could commit itself to a total installment debt amounting to almost \$850.

2. A family paying unusually high rent or carrying a rough mortgage should not allow its total installment debt to go over one-third of its yearly income after food, clothing and shelter are subtracted. These items usually take two-thirds, so the \$5,616 take-home family is allowed a maximum debt of \$625.

Bill Pardes' total debt runs a careful channel between the liberal and

conservative shoal-markers. Al Marshall's debt is non-existent.

Pardes says: "We're not trying to live on next year. We're just trying to move tomorrow a bit closer to today to make sure we'll see it. And we're willing to pay for the opportunity of doing it. We think that's as moral as it can be."

Marshall says: "I suppose credit is all right if it's used very moderately. But I'm not sure it can always be done that way. A lot of families get into trouble trying. Besides, you're mortgaging your future for things that can just as easily stand a little patience."

Pardes has the value of the national trend on his side, Marshall has the value of traditional cautiousness, and each feels his own philosophy is the moral one. Our future pattern of living as a nation hinges on which one of these two men is right.

The Personal Religion of ARTHUR J. BROWN

by DAN PAONESSA

His credo is: "Anyone can make a mistake." So he helps ex-convicts, alcoholics—even dope addicts—wipe the slate clean by giving them jobs in his \$13,000,000-a-year trucking business

IT DID NOT SEEM STRANGE to Arthur J. Brown to receive a letter asking for help, from a man he did not know. Nor that the man was writing from Sing Sing, and asking for a job. To Brown, he was simply another human being in trouble.

The letter writer explained that he would soon be eligible for parole, but parole would not be possible without a job. And was there a place for an ex-convict in Brown's organization?

Brown checked with a parole officer and learned that the man was a former bank teller who had been imprisoned for embezzlement. He learned also that the man had a wife and two children.

"Everyone makes mistakes," Brown says, "and at some time needs a hand—and another chance to make something of himself."

The former bank teller got his second chance, with the ABC Freight Forwarding Corporation—Brown's organization. A short time later, he started a successful business of his own—with the help of a loan from Brown.

Stocky, handsome, with graying hair and perceptive hazel eyes, Brown appears a typical, neatly dressed businessman with a soft, gentle voice and a sympathetic ear. But he can be a tough, stubborn man when he meets opposition in his hardheaded determination to untangle the desperate, unhappy lives of those about him. And if gentle, persuasive advice doesn't impress those he thinks should know better, he can bellow like an outraged father.

For Brown is a former dock worker and truck washer who, only

15 years ago, saved \$1,000 and went into business for himself. Today his ABC Freight Forwarding Corporation, with home offices in New York City, is a \$13,000,000-a-year concern.

At ABC there are employees who are former alcoholics and drug addicts. No one knows who they are but Brown, who has offered them hope and a new life with employment and security.

The 45-year-old freight executive has never forgotten his own humble beginning and long struggle for success. And he's made a seven-day religion of reaching out a helping hand.

Word of this has gotten around and letters reach his desk daily asking for advice, for a job, for one more chance. Brown answers each letter personally.

Two years ago, the wife of a cosmetic chemist wrote that her husband had lost his speech after an operation. As he convalesced, he became convinced he would never be able to work again. One of his nurses had read an article on Brown in a local newspaper and showed it to the chemist's wife.

"The doctor says your husband isn't doing as well as he should," the nurse told her. "He feels useless, through with life. If he doesn't find some sort of work to do, it's possible he may never regain his speech."

It seemed a desperate chance. But the wife wrote to Brown anyway, and asked for his advice. Brown arranged an interview with the man, and hired him on the spot. Today, the ex-chemist has a promising new career in the freight business, and

has regained both his speech and, more important, faith in himself.

Brown has found that helping one's neighbors sometimes ends in heartbreaking failure, but he believes that if he succeeds with even one out of a hundred he is well repaid. And he never condemns.

"Who are we to judge?" he says. "When I was a kid we all stole—butter, potatoes, lots of things. We were hungry. Some of the guys I grew up with went to jail. I might have been one of them."

ARTHUR J. BROWN was born in Maywood, Illinois, a tough Chicago suburb, the eighth of nine children. As far back as he can remember, feeding the family was a constant struggle. He went to work before he was ten years old, holding down a full-time job after school in a printing plant, often working through the night until it was time to go to school the next morning.

When his father died, Arthur supported his mother by washing trucks and handling freight for a transportation company for \$2 a day.

After a number of years, he worked himself up to the position of eastern general manager of the company whose trucks he had once washed. Then, one day, his boss rejected Brown's plan for speeding up freight shipments from New York to Chicago.

"Your plan won't work," the owner stormed. "It's foolish and impractical."

Brown disagreed—violently—and was fired.

On \$1,000, he set up an office in an open shed, with a crate for a

desk, a battered typewriter and two freight hooks. He drummed up business by flagging down trucks that passed. And his disputed plan proved so spectacularly successful that ABC has become not only bigger than the firm that had fired him, but is the fifth largest freight forwarding company in the country.

Brown maintains a unique relationship with his 1,000 employees. If there are any family troubles, overdue debts, rent to be paid, the company comes to the rescue through a non-interest loan system.

Every employee gets an annual bonus; besides, there are "incentive" bonuses and merit bonuses for unusual effort. The company also has a profit sharing and an insurance plan.

No one is compelled to take the insurance. Sometimes it doesn't matter that they do not.

One employee, who neglected to take out a policy, dropped dead of a heart attack one day. Brown knew the man's family; he felt that they needed help, but he was afraid of offending them by offering what they might call "charity."

So he wrote this letter to his dead friend:

"Dear Bob,

"You rushed off, so I didn't have a chance to tell you a few of the things I always meant to. All of us seem to put off saying the good things that are in our hearts until it is too late.

"After you came to work for us, I learned that you were a swell guy—a loyal employee, doing a fine job. I wanted to tell you then, but somehow—well, I forgot.

"Please forgive me, but I'd rather be late than never.

"The wonderful job you've been doing for us is like insurance for your family's security. And you've got some of that insurance stored away already.

"This is what I wanted to tell you, Bob. It's not all that I feel, but I think you'll understand.

"I'm sending *your* check for \$1,000 to your wife, and sure hope you'll pardon the delay.

"Arthur"

Brown's understanding of people was put to a severe test one night when he received a frantic telephone call from an employee as he was sitting down for dinner.

"You'd better get over to the office quick," the man cried. "I was held up and robbed!"

"Was anybody hurt?" Brown asked quietly.

When he learned there wasn't, he went down to the freight terminal. The employee, who was waiting by the entrance, excitedly told how he had been held up at gun point by a masked man and robbed of nearly \$4,000 in cash.

Brown listened carefully. He had known the employee for a long time, and there was no reason to doubt his honesty. But still—there seemed to be something wrong, something missing.

Brown walked slowly through the terminal, then climbed the stairs to his office. When he got there, the employee was waiting for him. Brown sat down behind his desk, and stared thoughtfully out the window.

"Well," he said finally, "if you want to tell me about it, go ahead;

but I don't want to know who else was in it."

The man broke down and confessed that he and a friend had staged a phony holdup. His reasons were age-old. He was in debt—had even pawned his furniture—because of an extravagant wife. There seemed to be no way out but—

"Why didn't you come and tell me about it?" Brown demanded. "Why didn't you borrow from the company?"

"How could I explain I needed a loan to pay for my wife's fur coat?" the man asked tearfully.

Brown patiently listened to the man's troubles, worked out a way for him to repay the company, and then put him back to work.

"A guy who has the guts to admit his mistakes can't be too bad," Brown said afterward. "And two months later, the other man in the phony robbery turned up in my office and confessed. We got that straightened out, too. Problems have a way of disappearing when you talk them out."

Eight years ago, Brown bought

the 180-acre former Bendix estate in the Sourland Mountains of New Jersey and outfitted it as a luxurious vacation ranch for his employees. It has an outdoor theater, sports facilities and a magnificent \$50,000 swimming pool. And it's all free.

"They come to Camp Ajaybe from New York and our 17 other stations around the country, with their wives and children—as many as 100 people at a time," Brown smiles. "And if any of them get sick, they can go there to convalesce, winter or summer."

When a summer theater is in the area, he buys up blocks of tickets, hires baby-sitters, and sends the parents to see the show.

He and his own family spend their vacations there, too, and early in the spring the Browns themselves get the place ready. Mrs. Brown sews and hangs the curtains.

A plaque at the main gate of the ranch sums up Arthur Brown's personal creed:

"True generosity is the desire to be useful to others without any desire for personal reward . . ."



Connectogram

(Answers on page 146)

A "CONNECTOGRAM" saves letters and ink. These strange-looking words are really sentences made up of interlocking words. Numerals in parentheses indicate the number of words in the hidden sentence. For example, HOPENS (3), when untangled becomes HOPE OPENS PENS. Study them carefully for the highest score!

- | | | | |
|---------------------|-----|-----------------------|-----|
| 1. THISLAND | (5) | 7. HISTORY | (4) |
| 2. SOMENJOYSTERS | (4) | 8. GETHEMENU | (5) |
| 3. ALLADIESATABLE | (6) | 9. JUSTHENTERS | (5) |
| 4. THATHEATREACHEST | (8) | 10. THISALONE | (5) |
| 5. HISTILLIGIT | (5) | 11. WITHEATSOATMEALSO | (9) |
| 6. ANTEATERMITE | (5) | 12. THERODEOX | (6) |

—W. E. MC CRACKEN



What was once desert is today the swank Paradise Valley Country Club in Phoenix.

ARIZONA: AMERICA'S NEW MECCA

by JOSEPH STOCKER

Thousands are rushing to retire, relax or make money in this land of sunshine, ease and boom

BILL PLUNKETT used to be a New Yorker. He worked in a skyscraper, lived in a big apartment building and only occasionally saw the sun. He battled subway crowds and lunch-hour crowds; wore his raincoat when it rained and his overshoes when it snowed—and invariably caught cold in spite of it.

Today, Bill Plunkett (which isn't his real name, although Bill himself is real enough) is living in Tucson, Arizona. He owns a modest ranch-style house surrounded by grapefruit trees. He plays golf on weekends, wears a

***An acre of remote land that a few years ago went
begging at \$25 now is gobbled up at \$450***

year-round suntan and hasn't had a cold since he arrived. His job isn't paying him quite what he was making in New York, but it doesn't really matter.

Says Bill: "When I see people that I used to know back there, they tell me I look ten years younger. They say it so often that it's become trite. But I love it. And, brother, do I love Arizona!"

What's happening these days in Arizona can be summed up in one word: Boom. And the reason for it can be summed up in one word, too: Climate.

It's the Florida story all over again, but against a backdrop of dry desert and cactus instead of blue ocean and mangrove trees. For into Arizona are pouring approximately 40,000 people a year (not to mention several million who travel through or tarry for vacations). In the last fifteen years, the population has more than doubled. It is over a million now.

The newcomers are from everywhere—east, midwest, south, northwest, and not a few even from southern California.

What they seek, in almost all cases, is sunshine. And an impartial U.S. Weather Bureau attests to the fact that Arizona has a lot of that—more, even, than Florida. To be precise, the sun shines annually in excess of 80 per cent of all possible daylight

hours, or about 3,600 hours at Phoenix and 3,800 at Tucson.

Rainfall, especially in the state's southern desert region, is unusually low. And snow is such a rarity that when some vagrant flakes fell on Tucson one winter day a few years ago, children rushed to the windows crying, "Mama, what's that?"

This June-in-January weather, with mid-winter temperatures ranging into the 70s, has made Arizona a happy sunning ground for tourists, too. They start rolling into the state along about October, filling up the hotels, motels, apartments, dude ranches and even a few \$50-a-day mink-lined desert resorts.

Then they go gallumphing out across the desert on rented horses or settle down under a palo verde tree for a chuckwagon picnic. Between times, they spin up to the Grand Canyon for a peek over the edge of the south rim. Or they head down toward the storybook Old West town of Tombstone for a look at the graves of lusty six-gun men who died with their boots on.

Tourists, all told, have generated a \$175,000,000-a-year industry for Arizona and have altered the face of the state. Next to Phoenix lies what was the tiny crossroads hamlet of Scottsdale before the artists and craftsmen moved in to produce and sell their exclusive wares. Shops and stores sprang up and the whole town

decked itself out with hitching rails and wagon-wheel chandeliers to justify its claim of being "The West's Most Western Town."

Today, there are 4,000 people living within its city limits and 18,500 in its school district. It's a sort of Palm Springs of the Arizona desert, and attracts visitors from all over the world.

Much the same thing—only on a greater scale—has happened to the state's two major cities, Phoenix and Tucson. Phoenix, with a metropolitan population of 122,000 before World War II, is up around 374,000 now. Tucson has jumped from 64,000 to nearly 200,000 in the same period.

IT IS ESTIMATED that a large percentage of the people who have moved to Arizona in the past ten years have done so in quest of health. For the state's sunshine is happily combined with low humidity almost the year around. And that seems to be awfully good for people with asthma, arthritis, sinus trouble, even—in some cases—heart trouble.

A young pharmacist, for instance, was stretcher-bound with arthritis when he arrived some years ago. Now he is working a full day every day, walks without a limp and with a barely perceptible hunch and is one of the most active civic leaders of his community.

And there's a young housewife who had heart trouble and was told back east that going to Arizona was her only chance for recovery—and not much of a chance at that. Moreover, she was never, never to have any children. Since she moved to

Arizona, she has had two healthy children and survived a very serious automobile accident!

Health isn't Arizona's only lure. Many of its recent immigrants moved there simply to find a better and more relaxed way of living than is possible in some of America's big congested cities.

The best way to relax in Arizona, of course, is to retire there, and thousands have done just that. A whole retirement community has sprouted up northwest of Phoenix, in what had been an irrigated cotton patch in the middle of the desert. It is called Youngtown, and was built for, and is occupied exclusively by, retired people—about 300 of them at the latest count.

Youngtown was established by a Phoenix developer named Ben Schleifer. The idea came to him a few years ago when he went to see a friend living in an old people's home in the east. The home was nice enough and the old man was well treated, but he was deeply discontented. He was hemmed in by regulations—radio and TV off at certain hours, visiting permitted only at certain hours, and so on. As Schleifer said later, "He was a voluntary prisoner. All his independence was gone."

Schleifer vowed then that he would build a place where elderly, retired people could live together comfortably—and with their independence preserved. In Youngtown, he has carried out that vow.

In the early days of the state's great population boom, the main problem was: What will all these new people do for a living? Arizona

at that time was almost entirely dependent on money coming in from agriculture, tourists, copper mining and cattle. And not all the newcomers could be—or wanted to be—put to work digging up carrots, herding dudes or cattle, and mining copper.

But then industry commenced to develop. About the last thing in the world that any of Arizona's old-timers expected to see was factories blossoming amidst the saguaro cactus and prickly pear. Yet that is exactly what is taking place.

How extensively, may be deduced from the fact that Arizona now ranks first among the states, percentage-wise, in postwar manufacturing growth. Its volume of manufacturing has risen from \$29,000,000 a year at the outbreak of World War II to \$350,000,000 in 1955. In the last eight and a half years, 168 new manufacturing plants have set up shop in Phoenix alone.

The industrial migration into Arizona has been based on hard-headed business reasoning. Industrialists figured, for one thing, that factories located in Arizona ought not to be hampered by much absenteeism. Employees, after all, wouldn't have to fight their way through rain and blizzards to get to their jobs.

And so it has worked out. One of the state's largest manufacturing plants reports absenteeism amounting to only 1.6 per cent, compared to five per cent or thereabouts in other sections of the country. And personnel turnover isn't much more of a problem. Few workers are tempted to quit and move some-

where else, since most of them came from somewhere else to live in Arizona.

The climate has proved a special inducement to the aircraft industry. This derives from the fact that, for all practical purposes, Arizona can guarantee more flying days a year than most other states. Hence several of the state's biggest factories are producing airplanes of one kind and another, or their components.

In Tucson, there is a Douglas modification plant; and Howard Hughes is producing guided missiles. In the Phoenix area are two big aircraft plants, along with a large aluminum plant and a major facility of one of the nation's foremost electronics manufacturers.

Arizona's industrial promoters have seen to it that most of this new industry is of the smokeless variety, so as not to muddy up Arizona's nice blue skies. And whenever an outside manufacturer drops a hint of being interested in establishing another smokeless factory, to provide more employment, he gets full cooperation.

Recently, the Sperry Rand Corporation, the big firm headed by General Douglas MacArthur, let it be known that Phoenix was under consideration for two separate plants to employ 3,000 people. But the company had some misgivings about a state tax on sales to the Federal Government, since much of its output would go to Uncle Sam. So Governor Ernest W. McFarland called the legislature into special session, and the tax was obligingly wiped off the books.

Then a hitch developed over a



Square dance in Scottsdale, new resort featuring life and customs of the Old West.

factory site and a longer airport runway. Phoenix business leaders thereupon organized an industrial development corporation. Within 72 hours it raised \$650,000 to acquire land for the new factory and lengthen the runway. And Sperry Rand

with its fat payroll was in the bag.

Along with Arizona's transition from a frontier state to an industrial state has come a real-estate boom no less fantastic. Values haven't simply doubled—they've quintupled and sextupled. Remote

desert land that went begging at \$25 an acre a few years ago is selling briskly now for \$450. In 1948, a speculator bought a corner property on the edge of Scottsdale for \$42,000. Two years later he was offered \$120,000 for it and, not long ago, \$450,000. He is holding out for a cool million.

It is the same story almost everywhere in the state. In Tucson, eight years ago, a new country club was organized out beyond the city. It acquired more property than it actually needed and, as an inducement to charter members, offered to throw in a couple of lots with each \$5,000 membership. Today the lots are worth between \$8,000 and \$9,000 apiece.

A Phoenix real-estate man tells this not-so-tall tale. His mother-in-law in New York, hearing of the boom, asked him to invest a little money for her. Accordingly, he bought a piece of land for \$4,000, paying \$1,000 down. By the time her check arrived, he had sold the property for a \$5,000 profit. He sent her \$1,000 check back and invested the

surplus for her—in more real estate, naturally.

In point of fact, non-Arizonians have reaped some of the juiciest profits from Arizona real estate. Explained one southern Californian as he made a down payment on a big piece of Arizona desert: "This may look like dry ground and weeds to you, but it looks like the San Fernando Valley to me."

Is Arizona's boom another Florida bubble, *à la* the 1920s? It could be, of course, but Arizonians don't think so. They point out that it is based, not just on speculative profits but on people—people who need places to live, work and play. And these people are swarming into the state.

"I don't think," said one civic leader, "that you could keep Arizona from growing if you put a 40-foot wall around it. People are just going to come."

Probably all of them won't get rich, but they certainly can get warm and sun-tanned. And they can relax and possibly even get rid of what ails them. And that's what most of them come to Arizona for in the first place.

Sharpen Your Word Sense!

(Answers to quiz on page 43)

The passage was taken from General Robert E. Lee's Farewell Address to His Army (April 10, 1865). Lee chose these words: 1. arduous; 2. unsurpassed; 3. fortitude; 4. compelled; 5. overwhelming; 6. survivors; 7. hard fought; 8. steadfast; 9. consented; 10. distrust; 11. valor; 12. accomplish; 13. compensate; 14. continuance; 15. determined; 16. endeared; 17. proceeds; 18. faithfully; 19. earnestly; 20. unceasing; 21. constancy; 22. grateful; 23. generous; 24. affectionate.



ANYTHING *U* can do, *I* can do as well—or better, Herb Shriner, our quizmaster, boasts. Herb, host on his own show (CBS-TV, Tuesdays, 9-9:30 P.M., EDT), has a simple way to prove this. By stepping into the middle of a four-letter word (described first below), these vowels change its meaning (into the second definition). For example, **LOTS** becomes **LOUTS**; **GATS** transforms into **GAITS**. Will *I* do it—or will *U*? (Answers on page 109.)

1. To resist boldly; to make a god of
2. Stockings; dwelling
3. Poetic sunrise; to grieve
4. Chilly; was able
5. Breathe heavily; coloring substance
6. Greater quantity; watered fabric
7. Sit for portrait; equilibrium
8. Misplace; small insect
9. Hastens; spoils
10. Exclamation of sorrow; assumed name
11. Bell sounded by hammer; departing
12. Devices for keeping cool; mythological rural deities
13. Link; tied
14. Dips, as bread; hot liquid foods
15. Breathing facial feature; sound
16. Boys; praises, extols
17. Crude shelter; drew back, as a horse
18. Full of affection; discovered
19. Flying mammals; enticements
20. Party giver; to lift
21. Chums; buckets
22. Possessive pronoun; inheritors
23. Cooking utensils; aches
24. Quantity of medicine; to drench
25. To look steadily; thin bandage fabric
26. Greatest quantity; damp
27. A head cook; the ruler of a tribe
28. Raced; watched secretly
29. Equalities in value; couples
30. Confused network of paths; a cereal plant
31. Plant containers; looks sullen
32. Menace to wool clothing; part of the face
33. American beauty; wake
34. Ding's follower; acting
35. Part of a lawyer's agenda; reason
36. Motion of ocean; give up rights
37. Small children; solicits bets
38. A small body of water; sixteen ounces
39. Decays; disperses in defeat

A CORONET BOOK CONDENSATION



Etched in the acid of experience, this is the story of Billie Holiday, one of the greatest blues singers of our time. Her own words tell it. It is a record of stunning paradox—brutal, tragic, amoral; at times strangely tender, and always honest. And so Coronet presents it — the frank report of one turbulent life, told with jarring insight, devoid of self-pity.

The Editors

LADY SINGS THE Blues

by BILLIE HOLIDAY
with WILLIAM DUFFY



PHOTOGRAPH BY CHUCK STEWART

MOM AND POP were just a couple of kids when they got married. He was 18, she was 16, and I was three.

Mom was working as a maid with a white family. When they found out she was going to have a baby they just threw her out. Pop's family had a fit, too. They were real society folks and they never heard of things like that going on in their part of East Baltimore.

But both kids were poor. And when you're poor, you grow up fast.

It's a wonder my mother didn't end up in the workhouse and me as a foundling. But Sadie Fagan loved me from the time I was just a swift kick in the ribs while she scrubbed floors. She went to the hospital and made a deal with the head woman there: she'd scrub floors so she could pay her way and mine. And she did. Mom was 13 that Wednesday, April 7, 1915, in Baltimore when I was born.

By the time she worked her way out of hock in the hospital and took me home to her folks, I was so big and smart I could sit up in a carriage. Pop was doing what all the boys did then—peddling papers, running errands, going to school. He'd come by my carriage, pick me up, and play with me. His mother would see him and come hollering. "Clarence Holiday, stop

playing with that baby. Everybody is going to think it's yours."

"But, Mother, it is mine," he'd tell her. He was still only 15 and in short pants. It was almost three years before he got long pants for the wedding.

Pop always wanted to blow the trumpet but he never got the chance. The Army grabbed him and shipped him overseas. It was just his luck to get it from poison gas over there. It ruined his lungs. Getting gassed was the end of his hopes for the trumpet but the beginning of a successful career on the guitar. He started to learn it when he was in Paris. He just *had* to be a musician. He worked like heck when he got back to Baltimore and eventually got a job with McKinney's Cotton Pickers. But when he went on the road with that band it was the beginning of the end of our life as a family. Baltimore got to be just another one-night stand for him.

When Pop hit the road, the war jobs were finished and Mom figured she could do better up North as a maid. She had to leave me with my grandparents, who lived in a poor little old house with my cousin Ida, her two small children, Henry and Elsie, and my great-grandmother.

All of us were crowded in that little house like fishes. And my cousin Ida hated me. She never got through telling my mother I was going to bring home a baby and disgrace the family like Mama did. And when Ida got mad she'd beat me something awful.

I don't think my grandma understood me either, but she never beat me, and that was something. My

grandpop loved me, though. He was half Irish and named after his father, Charles Fagan, who was straight from Ireland.

The one I really liked best, though, was my great-grandmother, my grandfather's mother. She really loved me and I was crazy about her. She had been a slave on a big plantation in Virginia and she used to tell me all about it. She had her own little house in the back of the plantation. The handsome Irish plantation owner had his white wife and children in the big house. And he had my great-grandmother out in back. She had 16 children by him, and all of them were dead by then except Grandpop.

She was 96 or 97 then and had dropsy. I used to take care of her every day after school. She'd been sleeping in chairs for ten years. The doctor had told her she'd die if ever she laid down. But I didn't know. And one day she begged me to let her lie down. She said she was tired. I didn't want to let her. But she kept begging and begging.

Finally I spread a blanket on the floor and helped her to stretch out. I lay down with her because she wanted to tell me a story. I woke up four or five hours later. Grandma's arm was still tight around my neck and I couldn't move it. I tried and tried and then I got scared. She was dead, and I began to scream. They had to break Grandma's arm to get me loose. Then they took me to a hospital. I was there for a month. Suffering from what they said was shock.

When I was six, I started working, before school and after, minding

babies, running errands, and scrubbing those damn white steps all over Baltimore. But whether I was riding a bike or scrubbing somebody's dirty bathroom floor, I used to love to sing all the time. I liked music. If there was a place where I could go and hear it, I went.

Alice Dean used to keep a bawdy house on the corner nearest our place, and I used to run errands for her and the girls. When it came time to pay me, I used to tell Alice she could keep the money if she'd let me come up in her front parlor and listen to Louis Armstrong and Bessie Smith on her victrola.

I also loved Billie Dove. I never missed a picture she made. I tried to do my hair like her and eventually I borrowed her first name. My name, Eleanora, was too long for anyone to say. Besides, I never liked it.

I didn't like it either living with my grandparents and Cousin Ida. Mom didn't like it any better and finally she came back to Baltimore with \$900 she had saved working up North. She bought a real fancy house. We were going to live like ladies.

One day when I came home from school Mom was at the hairdresser's and there was nobody in the house but Mr. Dick, one of our neighbors. He told me Mother had asked him to take me a few blocks away to somebody's house, where she would meet us.

Without me thinking anything about it, I went along. When we got to the house, a woman let us in. It got later and later and I began to get sleepy. Mr. Dick saw me dozing

and took me into a back bedroom to lie down. I was almost asleep when Mr. Dick crawled up to me. I started to kick and scream like crazy. When I did, the woman came in and tried to hold my head and arms. Suddenly, when I was catching my breath, I heard hollering and shouting. The next thing I knew, my mother and a policeman broke the door down.

The cop dragged Dick off to the police precinct and made us come along too. When we got there, they wouldn't let my mother take me home. Mr. Dick was in his 40s, and I was only ten. I guess they had me figured for having enticed this old goat into the house or something. All I know for sure is they threw me into a cell.

After a couple of days they dragged me into court. Mr. Dick got sentenced to five years. They sent me to a Catholic institution.

I hated the place. After a while Mom and Grandpop managed to get me out.

From the day she got me sprung Mom and I were sick of Baltimore. So up North she went to make some money. And back I went into the little house with Cousin Ida. It was as awful as before. Then I finished up the fifth grade, and Mom sent for me to come to New York. We were going to be together again at last. She even had a job lined up for me—as a maid. It didn't last long. One day, the slob I worked for dragged out a big blanket, and told me to wash it. I flipped. I wasn't supposed to do laundry, so I told her what she could do with her blanket.

When I went back to Mom's and

told her what happened, she didn't know what to do with me. She finally said she'd take me to Harlem and board me out. I was only 15 but I was a hip Kitty. Mom wasn't really a square at all. Yet in many ways she was.

The place she found for me to live was a fancy apartment off 141st Street belonging to a lady named Florence Williams. I knew what was cooking. But Mom didn't. She paid my rent in advance to Florence, and asked this handsome, sharply dressed woman to take care of her little girl. Florence was one of the biggest madams in Harlem.

It wasn't long before I had money to buy a few things I'd always wanted—my first honest-to-God silk dress and a pair of spike-heeled ten-dollar patent-leather pumps. But I didn't have what it took to be a call girl. I was scared to death of sex. No wonder I did what I did when a Negro cat came around by the name of Big Blue Rainier. I went to jail for refusing to have anything to do with him.

Blue knew I was a baby, but he had me framed just the same. He was real cozy with the cops. So the next morning the cops hauled me off to jail, not for anything I did, but for something I wouldn't do.

If that judge had guessed for a minute I was only 15 she would probably have packed me off to Bedford Reformatory until I was 21. As it was I got off with only four months on Welfare Island.

After I got out of jail, Mom and I found us an apartment on 139th Street, in Harlem. But Mom got so awful sick she had to quit working out as a maid. Her stomach was so shot, she just had to stay put in bed.

One day, with the rent overdue and no money, we got a notice that the law was going to put us out on the street. It was in the dead cold of winter and Mom couldn't even walk.

That night I went down to Seventh Avenue from 139th Street to 133rd Street, busting in every joint trying to find a job. In those days 133rd Street was the

real swing street, like 52nd Street later tried to be.

I had decided I was through as a call girl. But I had also decided I wasn't going to be anybody's maid. Finally, when I got to Pod's and Jerry's, I was desperate. I went in and asked for the boss. I think I talked to Jerry. I told him I was a dancer and I wanted to try out. I knew exactly two steps, the time step and the crossover. Jerry sent me over to the piano player and told me to dance. I started, and it was pitiful. I did my two steps over and over until he barked at me and told me to quit.

They were going to throw me out on my ear. But I kept begging for a job. Finally the piano player took pity on me. He looked up at me, and said, "Girl, can you sing?"

I said, "Sure I can sing. What good is that?" I had been singing all my life, but I enjoyed it too much

THE LITTLEST
SNOWMAN RESCUES
CHRISTMAS

by Charles Tazewell

With his magic touch,
this distinguished
author tells a tender
Yuletide story to beguile
young and old alike.

IN DECEMBER CORONET

to think I could make any real money at it. And I needed 45 bucks by morning to keep Mom from getting set out in the street.

I asked him to play "Trav'lin All Alone." That came closer than anything to the way I felt. And some part of it must have come across. The whole joint quieted down. When I finished, everybody in the joint was crying in their beer, and I picked 38 bucks up off the floor. When I left the joint that night I split with the piano player and still took home \$57.

I went out and bought a whole chicken and some baked beans—Mom loved baked beans—and raced up Seventh Avenue to the house. When I showed Mom the money for the rent and told her I had a regular job singing for \$18 a week, she could hardly believe it.

Then I started moving from club to club in Harlem. It was at the Log Cabin that people started coming back to hear me. At the Hotcha I met Ralph Cooper. He was a big shot who'd been in the movies already and he told Frank Schiffman, who ran the Lafayette Theatre and the Apollo, to come and catch me. When Schiffman asked Cooper what style I had, Cooper was stumped.

"You never heard singing so slow, so lazy, with such a drawl," he told him. But he still couldn't put any label on me. This, I always figured, was the biggest compliment they could pay me. Before anybody could compare me with other singers, they were comparing other singers with me.

"It ain't the blues," was all Cooper could tell him. "I don't know

what it is, but you got to hear her." So Schiffman came and put me on the bill at the Apollo for 50 a week. This was something in those days. Uptown, the Apollo was what the Palace was downtown.

UNLESS IT WAS the records of Bessie Smith and Louis Armstrong I heard as a kid, I don't know of anybody who actually influenced my singing. I always wanted Bessie's big sound and Louis' feeling. Young kids always ask me what my style is derived from and how it evolved and all that. What can I tell them? If you find a tune and it's got something to do with you, you don't have to evolve anything. You just feel it, and when you sing it other people can feel something too.

Everyone's got to be different. If you copy anybody, it means you're working without any real feeling. And without feeling, whatever you do amounts to nothing.

The morning I opened at the Apollo I had been up all night singing at the Hotcha and went direct from there to the theatre. The show was scheduled to go on at 10 A.M. Pigmeat Markham, the comedian, was on the same bill and he saved my life. They were playing the introduction and he was standing in the wings. At the last moment I grabbed him and told him I was too scared to sing.

"You're going on stage," Pigmeat said and just gave me a big old healthy shove. When I stopped I was halfway across the stage. I got to the mike somehow and grabbed it. I had a cheap white satin dress

on and my knees were shaking so bad the people didn't know whether I was going to dance or sing.

I opened with "If the Moon Turns Green." By the time I went into "The Man I Love" I was all right. There's nothing like an audience at the Apollo. They were wide awake early in the morning. And they broke up the house. I played the Apollo for the second week. This was one of the few times it happened there, if I do say so myself. And I do.

I joined Count Basie's band to make a little money and see the world. But nobody bothered to tell me that for almost two years I'd have to travel 500 to 600 miles a night on a hot or cold bus; that it would cost me two or three bucks a night for a room; that by the time I was through having my hair fixed and gowns pressed—to say nothing of paying for pretty clothes to wear—I'd end up with about a dollar and a half a day. Out of that I had to eat and send some loot to Mom.

Whenever I had a couple of bucks it was always so little I was ashamed to send it home. So I would give it to Lester Young, one of the greatest saxophonists there is, to invest. I hoped he could shoot enough dice to parlay it into a bill big enough so I didn't have to feel ashamed to send home.

Lester is the one who dubbed me "Lady Day." They first called me "Lady" at the Log Cabin, because I made them hand me the dough instead of picking it off the tables like the other girls. Lester coupled it with the Day out of Holiday.

When we were on the bus returning to New York I couldn't stand the

thought of coming home to Mom broke. "You're not shooting these four bucks," I told Lester. "I'm shooting them myself."

I was on my knees in the bottom of that bus from West Virginia to New York. When we pulled up in front of the Woodside Hotel everybody was broke and crying. I was filthy dirty and had holes in the knees of my stockings, but I had 1,600 bucks and some change.

After giving some of the cats in the band enough loot to eat with and for carfare, I still had over a \$1000. I gave it to Mom. Later it became the nest egg she used to start her own little restaurant, "Mom Holiday's."

YOU CAN SAY what you want about the South, and I've said plenty. But when I've forgotten all the crummy things that happened down there in my days on the road, I'll still remember Fox Theatre in Detroit, Michigan. What Radio City is to New York, the Fox was to Detroit then. A booking there was a big deal. My salary went up automatically to \$300 a week for the run of the show.

The show opened and closed with a line of chorus girls doing their bare-legged kicks like the Rockettes. In the middle the girls did a big pretty number, fancy costumes, lights, and what not.

But Detroit was between race riots, and after three performances the first day, the theatre management went crazy. They claimed they had complaints about all those Negro men up there on the stage with those bare-legged white girls.

The next thing we knew, they re-

vamped the whole show. They cut out the girls' middle number. And when the chorus line opened the show, they'd fitted them out with special black masks and mammy dresses. They did both their numbers in blackface and those mammy getups.

When he saw what was happening, Basie flipped. But there was nothing he could do. We had signed the contracts to appear, and we had no control over what the panicky theatre managers did.

But that wasn't the worst of it. Next they told Basie I was too yellow to sing with all the black men in his band. Somebody might think I was white if the light didn't hit me just right. So they got special dark grease paint and told me to put it on.

It was my turn to flip. But if I refused, it might have played the devil with bookings, not just for me, but for all the cats in the band.

So I had to be darkened down so the show could go on in Detroit. It's like they say, there's no business like show business. You have to smile to keep from throwing up.

As I kept moving around and making the name Holiday a little famous around the country, I used to hear from Pop pretty regularly. He was so proud of me.

Then suddenly one night in February, 1937, when I was working at the Uptown House, ten minutes before going on I had a long-distance call from Dallas, Texas.

A real cold voice said, "Your father just died. You want to send for the body?"

Clarke Monroe, the boss, luckily was nearby. He came to the phone

and made all the arrangements.

When Pop's body arrived Mom walked up to the coffin, and knelt there for four hours and 20 minutes. I know because I waited out every minute of it for her. She didn't shed a tear or make a sound. She just held her rosary in her hand, and if you looked closely you could see her lips move.

The cast at the funeral was not large, but it was crazy and complicated. First there was Mom and me. Then there was Pop's second wife, Fanny Holiday, who was my stepmother. And before long I found out I had two stepmothers—the second one a white woman. She showed up at Pop's coffin with two kids—my half-brother and sister. All this was news to me. But she was a lovely woman and she was raising these two kids as white.

A little while later we finally learned how Pop had died. Big Sid Catlett had been in the room with him, and he told us what happened. Pop had caught a funny kind of pneumonia. He couldn't sleep, couldn't sit down, couldn't do anything except walk. He walked around, going from hospital to hospital trying to get help. Pop finally found a veterans' hospital, and because he had been in the Army, had ruined his lungs and had records to prove it, they let him in the Jim Crow ward. By that time it was too late. He had a hemorrhage. All they could do for him was give him a bed to die in.

I'M THE GIRL who went West in 1937 with sixteen white cats, Artie Shaw and his Rolls-Royce. It

all began one night when Artie thought he needed something sensational to give his new band a shove.

"That's easy," I told him. "Hire a good Negro singer."

That did it. Artie waited for me all night at the Uptown House and put me right in his car to take me to Boston for the opening at Roseland. Georgie Auld, Tony Pastor, and Max Kaminsky were there with him.

Sixteen men on a bandstand with a Negro girl singer had never been seen before—in Boston or anywhere. The question of how the public would take to it had to be faced opening night. Artie was a guy who never thought in terms of white and colored. "I can take care of the situation," was his answer. "And I know Lady can take care of herself."

I told Artie, "I don't care about sitting on the bandstand. When it comes time for me to sing a number, you introduce me, I sing, then I'm gone."

"No," he insisted. "I want you on the bandstand like Helen Forrest and Tony Pastor and everyone else." So that's what I did. Everything up in Boston was straight—but the real test was coming up. We were heading for Kentucky, which is like Baltimore—it's only on the border of being the South, which means the people there take their Dixie stuff more seriously.

Right off, we couldn't find a place that would rent me a room. Finally Artie got sore and picked out the biggest hotel in town. He was determined to crack it—or he was go-

ing to sue. I tried to stop him. "Man," I said, "are you trying to get me killed?"

He got eight cats out of the band and they escorted me to the registration desk. I don't think anybody black had ever got a room there before, but the cats in the band acted like it was as natural as breathing. I think the man at the desk figured I couldn't be a Negro or nobody would act like that. So he gave me a nice room and no back talk.

Then all eight cats waltzed into the dining room, carrying me with them like I was the *Queen Mary* and they were a bunch of tugboats. We sat down, ordered food all around and champagne, acting up like we were a sensation. And we were.

It was a one-man town. And the sheriff was the man. He was on the scene that night when we opened in a natural rock cave. They were selling kids whiskey right under the sheriff's nose. But he didn't pay any mind to that. He was too busy dogging me.

When it came time to go on, I told Artie I didn't want any trouble and didn't want to sit on the bandstand.

"That sheriff wants to call me nigger so bad he's going to find a way," I told them. And I bet Tony Pastor, Georgie Auld and Max Kaminsky two bucks apiece he would make it. He did.

Almost every day there was an "incident." In a Boston joint they wouldn't let me go in the front door; they wanted me to come in the back way. The cats in the band flipped and said, "If Lady doesn't go in the

front door, the band doesn't go in at all." So they caved.

Eating was a mess and sleeping was a problem. Sometimes we'd make a 600-mile jump and only stop once. Then it would be a place where I couldn't get served. At first I used to be so ashamed. Then finally I just said to hell with it.

Detroit was almost as far north as we ever went, but it was still full of crackers and I was always uneasy. One night Chuck Peterson asked me to go with him to a little bar on the corner and have a drink. I didn't want to go for the same old reason. But he insisted.

The next thing we knew, a man came over and started after Chuck. He said, "A man can't bring his wife in a bar any more without you tramp white men bringing a nigger woman in."

Chuck wouldn't stand for that, but before he knew it this guy and a couple more were on him, beating and kicking him. While everyone else stood around with their mouths open, this guy kept kicking Chuck in the mouth and saying, "I'll fix it so you don't play trumpet tonight."

If my maid hadn't come in just then from backstage to tell me it was show time and helped me get him out of there, they might have beat him to death.

But after surviving months of being bugged by sheriffs, waitresses, hotel clerks, and crackers of all kinds in the South, I got the crummiest deal of all when we got back to New York—my own home town.

We were to open at the Blue Room of Maria Kramer's Lincoln Hotel on 43rd Street. The Lincoln

hadn't been a good spot for bands, but there was a coast-to-coast radio wire in the room—and in those days radio was everything. This was my chance to sing on the radio coast-to-coast every night. A few weeks of this and any band or any singer could be made.

I should have known something was shaking when the hotel management gave me a suite. I didn't need a place to sleep. I was staying home with Mom. Artie was getting pressure from all over. But he didn't have the heart to tell me. The excuse for giving me the suite was that I was supposed to stay there until it was time for me to sing, and not mingle with the guests.

The next thing I knew, the management wanted me to come in the back door of the hotel. Artie and the band had taken months of hell for this New York engagement, and nobody was in a position to push a hotel chain, a broadcasting network, and the talent agency around.

So I had to come in the back door. I don't know why I didn't walk out then and there, except Mom got such a kick out of listening to our nightly broadcasts. The next thing I knew, I was singing less and less. Some nights I'd only be on for one song—and that would be before or after the band had been on the air.

Finally, when they cut me off the air completely, I said to hell with it. I had been with Artie a year and a half when I fired myself. I told Artie he should have told me when the big wheels cracked down on him. "Down South I can dig this kind of stuff, but I can't take it in New York."

The sheriff in Kentucky was at

least honest. A real good cracker says, "I don't like Negroes period." They don't tell you that behind your back. A cracker just wants you to clean up his house or take care of his kids and then get the hell out. Even when they insult you they do it to your face. But the big-deal hotels, agencies, and networks in New York were giving me a fast shove behind my back.

There aren't many people who fought harder than Artie against the vicious people in the music business or the crummy side of second-class citizenship which eats at the guts of so many musicians. He didn't win. But he didn't lose either. It wasn't long after I took off that he told them the same thing I had.

IT'S ONLY five miles—35 minutes by subway—from Pod's and Jerry's at 133rd Street off Seventh Avenue to the Cafe Society Downtown near Fourth Street on the same avenue. But the places were worlds apart and it took me about seven years to make the trip.

The boss, Barney Josephson, and his wife, a really wonderful girl, told me this was to be one club where there was going to be no segregation, no racial prejudice. This was what I'd been waiting for.

I'll never forget that opening night. There must have been 600 people in the joint, celebrities, artists, rich society people.

It was during my stint there that a song was born which became my personal protest—"Strange Fruit." The germ of the song was in a poem written by Lewis Allen. I first met him at Cafe Society. When he

showed me that poem, I dug it right off. It seemed to spell out all the things that had killed Pop.

Allen suggested that Sonny White, who had been my accompanist, and I turn it into music. So the three of us got together and did the job in about three weeks. I also got a wonderful assist from Danny Mendelsohn, another writer. I worked like the devil on it because I was never sure I could put it across or that I could get across to a night-club audience the things that it meant to me.

I was scared people would hate it. The first time I sang it I thought it was a mistake and I had been right being scared. There wasn't even a patter of applause when I finished. Then a lone person began to clap nervously. Then suddenly everyone was clapping.

It still depresses me every time I sing it, though. It reminds me of how Pop died. But I have to keep singing it.

I opened Cafe Society as an unknown, I left two years later as a star. But you couldn't tell the difference from what I had in my sock. I was still making that same old \$75 a week. I had made more than that in Harlem. I needed the prestige and publicity all right, but you can't pay rent with it.

So when I left I got tough with my manager, Joe Glaser. But the first \$175 a week job I got was one I got myself in a new joint in the San Fernando Valley run by Red Colonna, Jerry's brother. It was my first trip to California.

A lot of the people with talent used to come and hear me. They were wonderful to sing to, but as

*"I've been told nobody sings the word
'hunger' like I do. Or the word 'love' . . .
All I've learned is wrapped up in those two words"*

usual it only took one cracker in the audience to wreck things. I remember the night this white boy stayed around just to bug me. When I started singing, he'd start kicking up a storm of noise, calling me nigger, and cursing nigger singers.

It was then that Bob Hope came in. He came over to me, God bless him, with Jerry Colonna and Judy Garland and I'll never forget it. "Listen," said Hope, "you go out there and sing. Let that jerk say something and I'll take care of him."

So I did, and he did. It was a real mess. When the cracker boy started, I stopped singing and Bob took the floor. Hope traded insults with that cracker for five minutes before he had enough and left. After Hope had finished him, I went back singing.

One day in Hollywood I went out for a drive with a rich young blonde starlet. She was taking me to the aquarium, when boom, this big brand-new Cadillac just conked out.

There we sat out on this deserted spot near the beach. We knew from nothing about a car. I thought we were stranded until I saw a car down the road. There was a cat lying under it, who looked like he knew what he was doing.

"Hey, man," I said, "there's a couple of chicks in distress over here.

How about coming over and seeing what's wrong?" When he crawled out from under the car he had sunglasses on, but he looked familiar. He recognized me from having heard me sing at the Valley joint.

It only took him two minutes to find out what was wrong and fix it. Then he got behind the wheel and drove the car for a little to make sure everything was all right. Then he asked us to have a drink, and drove us up to a big fancy country club near the beach.

We walked in the bar and people were all eyes. That was always happening. But there has to be one joker everywhere. When he finally got loaded enough he walked over to our table; he stared me up and down. Then he stared the blonde up and down. Then he turned to our mechanic friend and said, "Well, I see you get all the dames."

It wasn't until our mechanic buddy got up from behind the table and flattened this cracker that I came to. It was Clark Gable who'd given us the lift.

I'm not the first—or last—chick who got married to try to prove something to somebody. From the time I started hanging out with Jimmy Monroe, Mom never stopped telling me that he'd never marry me. That got my spite up.

Jimmy was the younger brother of

Clarke Monroe, who ran the Uptown House. He was the most beautiful man I'd laid eyes on. Besides, he had taste and class.

Things had happened to me that no amount of time could change or heal. I had gone to jail when I was ten because a 40-year-old man had tried to rape me. Getting booked and busted again didn't help, either. For years it made me feel like a damn cripple. It changed the way I looked at everything and everybody. There was one chance I couldn't take. I couldn't stand any man who didn't know about the things that had happened to me. And I was leery of any man who could throw those things back at me in a quarrel.

Maybe that's part of why I was attracted to Jimmy. He had a little past of his own.

The first thing I did after Jimmy and I eloped to Elkton, Maryland, in September of 1941, was to go home to Mom and throw the marriage license at her.

I guess I always knew what I was letting myself in for when he married me. One night he came in with lipstick on his collar. I saw the lipstick. He saw I saw it and he started explaining and explaining. Lying to me was worse than anything he could have done. "Don't explain," I said.

That should have been the end of it. But that night I couldn't forget. The words "don't explain, don't explain," kept going through my head. The more I thought about it, it changed from an ugly scene to a sad song. Soon I was singing phrases to myself. Suddenly I had a whole song.

I went downtown and sat down with Arthur Herzog; he played the tune over on the piano, wrote down the words, and softened two or three phrases.

This is one song I can't sing without feeling every minute of it. Many a gal has told me she broke up every time she heard it. So if anybody deserves credit for that, it's Jimmy, I guess—and the others who keep coming home with lipstick on their faces.

I was with Jimmy for a year before I got wise that he used dope. There was nothing I could do about it. I was where I wanted to be, with Jimmy. We had our own little apartment. But I wasn't happy. My marriage was coming apart. And it was during this time that I got started using drugs. But one had nothing to do with the other, really, and Jimmy was no more the cause of my doing what I did than my mother was. That goes for any man I ever knew. I was as strong, if not stronger, than any of them. And when it's that way, you can't blame anybody but yourself. I just don't know why I got hooked.

I was working at the Plantation Club in Los Angeles and Jimmy was out there with me when he got into trouble.

Suddenly I was alone and on my own. I had to get the dope myself and didn't know where to begin. I was as helpless as a week-old baby left all alone in its crib. I cried until I was sick. Then, sick and alone, I headed back to New York.

Then, the way you always do, I met someone. Joe Luke Guy was a young boy, fresh up from the South,

who played trumpet. He was new on the scene, and could be a big help to me.

It wasn't long before I was one of the highest-paid slaves around. I was making a thousand a week—but I had about as much freedom as a field hand in Virginia a hundred years before.

After a while Joe and I decided to go on the road. We bought this big beautiful white bus. Painted on the side of it was "Billie Holiday and Her Band." Joe was the leader.

The day we left we detoured to Mom's restaurant on 99th Street so she could see the bus. I'll always remember Mom as she stood there on the corner. She looked like little Miss Five by Five with the most beautiful face you ever saw on a woman.

It was only a few days later in a Washington hotel that I suddenly knew I was alone for good. I don't believe in ghosts or spirits, but I believe what happened that night. We had finished the last show at the Howard Theatre. Suddenly I felt my mother come up behind me and put her hand on my shoulder. And I knew she was dead.

I turned to Joe. "Mama just left and she's dead."

"You're crazy," he told me.

The next morning I walked up to the road manager and told him Mama was dead and I told him exactly what time she died the night before.

I came to New York as quick as I could. I couldn't cry. When I die people can maybe cry for me because they'll know they're going to start me off in hell and move me from bad to worse. But wherever

Mom was going, it couldn't be worse than what she'd known.

These were the war years—strange ones for me, too. I sang to different kinds of audiences, saw them change from flannel to khaki, and it always felt like everybody was closer together, like we were all stranded in the same big storm. I don't know how many miles I traveled singing to the troops during those days, by plane, train, even our own white bus.

I spent the end of the war on 52nd Street. I had the white gowns and the white shoes. And every night they'd bring me the white gardenias and the white junk.

When I was on dope, I was on and nobody gave me any trouble. No cops, no treasury agents, nobody. I got into trouble when I tried to get off it.

I went to my manager, Joe Glaser, and told him I wanted to kick the habit and I'd need help. I went to my boss at the Famous Door on 52nd Street, Tony Golucci, and I told him.

Tony had been Mr. Wonderful to me before, but he was so good to me at that time I hope God will bless him all his days. I didn't say a word to another soul.

Tony kept my job open. He offered to backstop me with the money I needed. But it was the way he did it I'll never forget, with love and respect.

We looked for the best private sanatorium around. Finally the one we were recommended to turned out to be right in Manhattan. The price was \$2,000 for three weeks' stay. This was daylight robbery, sure. But

it was cheap, too, if my stay there and the treatment were guaranteed confidential. And it was. Joe and Tony told everybody I'd had a nervous breakdown.

The cure took almost three weeks. I was happy when it was over. This was my first try at going straight on my own, and I was sure it would work out.

I walked down the steps of the sanatorium, and my hopes sank to despair. I saw a man there and I knew he was from the law and I knew he was tailing me. Nobody knew I was there but my agent and Tony. I knew that they hadn't told a soul.

It had cost me \$2,000 to be sure the whole deal was absolutely confidential. It would have been curtains for me as a public performer if it had gotten out.

I trusted the doctors and nurses. I had to. And somebody had betrayed me. Why? Who?

Back in the 1920s there was a big scandal in New York. The cops and Feds would put the pinch on wealthy drug addicts. They would threaten to arrest them, unless these people agreed to go to a certain private sanatorium where the detectives would get a cut. But there was a shake-up in the police department and that business was supposed to have been stopped.

Maybe the law just came busting routinely into the sanatorium and somebody squawked. Maybe the law just shadows the hospital all the time. I don't know.

It's tough enough coming off when you've got someone who loves you. I didn't have anybody but Tony

Golucci and my agent. And against them there was the law, betting their time, their shoe leather, and their money that they would get me. Nobody can live like that.

TROUBLE is a thing I've learned to smell. And I smelled it that night in May, 1947, when we closed at the Earle Theatre in Philadelphia. It was almost a year since I left that sanatorium—and the law had been tailing me on and off ever since.

I begged Bobby Tucker, my accompanist, and Jimmy Asundio, my road manager, not to go back to the hotel but they wouldn't listen. They laughed at my hunches and went on ahead. When I had finished taking off my make-up, the hired car and chauffeur drove me to pick up the boys.

When we pulled up in front of the hotel I knew I was right. The lobby was full of cops. Quickly I told the chauffeur to pull around the corner. From the way he reacted, I could tell he wasn't going to be any help. I had never driven a car in my life, but I knew I had to do it that night and there wasn't two seconds to waste taking any lessons.

I told the chauffeur to get out from behind the wheel and leave the motor running. As a Treasury agent came toward us, I stepped on the gas. He hollered "Halt!" and tried to stop the car by standing in the road. But I kept driving right on and he moved. I pulled away through a rain of bullets.

I knew I couldn't do anything to help Bobby and Jimmy unless I could make it to New York. I'll never know how I made it but I did.

This was Friday. I was scheduled to open at the Onyx Club on 52nd Street the next night. First I had to get a lawyer. Bobby was as innocent as a babe; he never used nothing; he didn't even drink. I got him out of jail and he joined me. He told me that a couple of Federal agents had come to their room in the hotel, walked in without a warrant and started searching the place. They said they found the "evidence" under the bed.

I opened at the Onyx and nothing happened. They didn't even come around until the third night. I knew they would try and get me again when the week was over. I knew I could never kick the habit again, and stay kicked, as long as they were after me. I could try. But that would take money. With my salary from the Philly week, plus the Onyx week, I could afford to get admitted to the best hospital in the country.

When I finished the week at the Onyx, I took a cab to the Hotel Grampion. Two agents were waiting for me in the lobby with a warrant for my arrest. They walked me to my room. Joe Guy was waiting there. They arrested both of us and took us off, him to New York and me to Philadelphia.

It was called "The United States of America versus Billie Holiday." And that's just the way it felt. It was Thursday, May 27, 1947.

I hadn't eaten anything for a week. I couldn't even keep water down. When it was time to go to court I couldn't walk. So they gave me a shot. It turned out to be morphine.

"How do you plead?" said the

clerk. "I would like to plead guilty and be sent to the hospital," I said.

Then the Assistant U. S. Attorney spoke up. "This is a case of a drug addict, but more serious than most. Miss Holiday is a professional entertainer and among the higher rank as far as income is concerned. We have learned that in the past three years she has earned almost a quarter of a million dollars, and she doesn't have any of that money.

"These fellows who have been traveling with her," he continued melodramatically, "would go out and get these drugs and would pay five and ten dollars and they would charge her one hundred and two hundred dollars for the same amount of drugs. It is our opinion that the best thing that can be done for her would be to put her in a hospital."

Then the judge lowered the boom. "The sentence of the court is that you undergo imprisonment for a period of one year and one day."

They gave me another shot to keep me from getting sick on the train, and at nine o'clock that night I was on a train headed for the Federal Women's Reformatory at Alderson, West Virginia.

Later they tried Jimmy and Joe Guy. Jimmy's conviction was reversed because the Federal agents had come in his room without a warrant and Joe was acquitted.

I felt like the fool of all time for not having fought for myself.

If I had known what kind of "cure" I was in for at Alderson, I could have just locked myself in a room and thrown away the key. They don't cut you down slow. They

take you off cold turkey, and watch you suffer.

The first nights I was ready to quit. I thought I'd just explode. But after a while it passes like everything else, after you've been through hell.

At the end, the toughest part is where they offer you all the narcotics you want. This is supposed to show whether you're really cured. I found I didn't want any, and that was a great kick. But with all the doctors, nurses, and equipment, they never get near your insides to try to find what's really eating you.

Ed Fishman, an agent, had arranged a midnight concert for me at Carnegie Hall ten days after I got out of jail. They hardly got the posters up in front of the hall before they had to slap up the "Sold Out" sign. Two or three thousand people were turned away.

I was scared to death. I hadn't sung in public for ten months and I didn't know what would come out when I did. But it was better than ever. They tore down the house. When it was time to come out for the third curtain call I fainted for the first time in my life.

The Carnegie concert was the biggest thing that ever happened to me. But afterwards came the terrific letdown.

In New York before you can work in a joint where liquor is sold you have to have a permit from the police department and the Alcoholic Beverage Control Board. According to the law, which must be a hang-over from the days of prohibition, nobody who has a police record can sing in a cabaret. My application for a cabaret card was turned down

flat. Without a card no one would hire me.

I could sing in theatres. I could appear on radio or TV. I could appear in concerts. That was O. K. But if I opened my mouth in the crummiest bar in town, I was violating the law. It meant trouble for me and worse trouble for the guy who owned the joint. He could lose his license and his livelihood.

When I was really on the beach, without a police card, friends of mine came up with the idea of building a revue around me. We opened at the Mansfield Theatre on April 27, 1948. *Holiday on Broadway* was a sellout, and the first performance made us think we had a smash. The critics gave us such good notices. But we closed after three weeks.

I THOUGHT I WAS through with love forever. And then in Detroit at the Club Juana I met Louis McKay again. I hadn't seen him since I was 16 and he wasn't very much older and I was singing at the Hotcha in Harlem. But during that date at the Juana, one night Louis was late getting there and I cried like a baby. So I knew my resolutions with men were going down the drain.

It got to be that way, every time I'd give up on him and cry, he'd arrive. So I finally quit fighting it, got a divorce from Jimmy Monroe, and we got married.

Louis and I came back to New York together, and we've been together ever since. I'm not going to try and say we walked off into a storybook sunset. We lived in a hotel for a while. Then we settled down at our own little place in Flushing,

where we have our fights just like everybody else. If it had been left to the managers and promoters, I could have shot myself long ago. But I've always been fortunate as far as the public is concerned. I could kill myself if it wasn't for them.

I'm still working in clubs and concerts—although if you live in New York you'd never know it. I still have no police card, and this keeps me from singing in clubs there. People don't understand this usually; but when they do, they get up and holler. So many good people have hollered about this for so long that one day the police and the Liquor Board authorities are going to have to listen.

During my years of exile from New York clubs, when I've played practically no place except the Apollo or Carnegie Hall, I've been very lucky. I've played towns like Philadelphia and Chicago up to six times a year, twice a year in two or three different clubs.

This is supposed to be unheard of in show business. And it isn't because managers or club owners love me. They wouldn't put up that loot unless they could fill their clubs with my friends.

People are always telling me, "You should be rich, Lady. I just paid ten bucks for a couple of your LPs."

I always say I'm grateful they like my songs—even those of 20 years ago. But I have to tell them it ain't going to bring me a quarter.

I made over 200 sides between

1933 and 1944, but I don't get a cent of royalties on any of them. They paid me 25, 50, or sometimes a top of 75 bucks a side, and I was glad to get it.

I've been told that nobody sings the word "hunger" like I do. Or the word "love."

Maybe I remember what those words are all about. All the Cadillacs and minks in the world—and I've had a few—can't make me forget. All I've learned is wrapped up in those two words.

It was in Philadelphia, on February 23, 1956, that I got arrested again, nine years

after I first got busted.

It might look just like old times, but it wasn't. There was a big difference. I didn't feel lost. I didn't feel alone. And I wasn't alone. Louis was with me.

They carried us off together and Louis held my hand and whispered: "You and I are going to beat this thing. And I'm going to take care of you."

God has blessed you when He lets you believe in somebody. And I believed in Louis.

I had worked that week at the Showboat in South Philadelphia. We stayed at a little hotel around the corner in a room with a kitchenette. After the last show on Wednesday night, Louis and I walked home.

Somebody turned the key in our door from the outside, so quiet like it had been greased. I never heard a thing until I saw four men and a



SEE YOU AT THE POLLS

woman standing there, holding a warrant.

They started searching the place. Before they were through they ransacked everything we owned. But there was nothing there. They claim they found evidence in our room. We'll see about that when we have our day in court.

The law knows where I live and I've never once been arrested in my own home. Not even in my dressing room. It's always in some public hotel. Louis has always searched every hotel room the first minute we check in, to find if anything is stashed there. In Los Angeles once he found three reefers on the ledge at the top of our windows and threw them out. Those three reefers would have been enough to put both of us in jail. If you've been arrested before for narcotics, you learn to live that way.

But you never know. You can leave a hotel to do a show. Anybody can come in the room while you're away, either to look for something or to leave something behind—something they can come back and look for later.

I've had my troubles with the habit for 15 years, on and off. I've spent a small fortune on stuff. I've kicked and stayed clean; and I've had my setbacks and had to fight all over again to get straight.

But I'm not crazy. I knew when I started to work on this book that I couldn't expect to tell the truth in it unless I was straight when it came out. I didn't try to hide anything. Doubleday carried an item in their winter catalogue that I was writing about my fight with dope and that I

knew it wasn't over yet. There isn't a soul on this earth who can say for sure that their fight with dope is over until they're dead.

I'd been under a doctor's care and treatment before I went to Philadelphia and since. So what did the police down there think they were proving when they used me for a pigeon?

I don't want to preach to nobody. I never have and I don't want to begin now. But I do hope some kids will read this and not miss the point of it.

Maybe because I have no kids of my own—not yet—I still think you can help kids by talking straight to them.

If nobody can learn from the past, then there's no point in raking it up. I've raked up my past so I could bury it. It's worth it if just one youngster can learn one thing from it.

If you think dope is for kicks and for thrills, you're out of your mind. There are more kicks to be had in a good case of paralytic polio or by living in an iron lung. If you think you need stuff to play music or sing, you're crazy. It can fix you so you can't play nothing or sing nothing.

I think my getting hooked on dope killed my mother. It sure helped, anyway. And I think if a child of mine got hooked it would kill me.

All dope can do for you is kill you the long slow hard way. And it can kill the people you love right along with you.

And that's the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but.





Political Palaver



WHEN THE late Senator Kenneth Wherry of Nebraska eloquently delivered his first speech, a controversial one, he could see the older heads among his colleagues nodding in approval. When his proposal came to a vote, however, only a handful of the group voted with him.

As he took his seat, slightly dazed by the count, one of the elder senators approached him and said: "That was a good speech and I want you to know that I agreed with much of what you said."

"If you were with me," demanded Wherry, "why didn't you vote with me?"

"I was with you, Kenny," replied the other, "as long as you were talking."

—E. E. EDGAR

WHEN ADLAI STEVENSON was interviewed by writers of a national TV show, one made a point of introducing himself and explaining: "I'll be sure to vote for you this election. I would have last time but I was sick on election day."

"Oh, that's what happened," Stevenson said, nodding. "I wondered."

—ROBERT SYLVESTER

DURING A POLITICAL CAMPAIGN, both the Republican and Democratic congressional candidates met at the same time in a town that had only one large auditorium. The local sheriff told them that they'd have to have their meetings at the same time because he didn't intend to sweep twice in one day.

The time of the joint meeting having arrived, the sheriff dutifully arose and said, "I want to present to you a man who, above anyone, has the welfare of each and every one of you at heart. More than anyone I know, he is devoted to our great and glorious state."

Then he turned to the candidates and asked: "Which of you polecats wants to talk first?"

—Quote (Washington Bureau)

ON A CAMPAIGN TOUR, President Franklin D. Roosevelt was to make a whistle-stop speech in a traditionally Republican town in the center of a drought area. As FDR stepped out on the train platform, a group of farmers moved toward him.

"I know you are having difficulties," said the president, when the somber group gathered around him, "but I want you to know that we in Washington won't let you down. We know that something must be done," he paused dramatically, "and we WILL do something!"

At that moment, there was a mighty clap of thunder and rain came pouring down.

On election day, he got the vote.

—E. E. EDGAR

WICHITA: WHERE THE SYMPHONY IS A PUBLIC UTILITY



by PHIL DESSAUER

A FEW MONTHS AGO, two middle-aged women decided to attend a concert of the Wichita, Kansas, Symphony Orchestra, in spite of the fact that they had no tickets. At the main entrance to the East High School auditorium where the orchestra was to play, they were turned back by the chief usher as they tried a genteel gate-crashing act.

The persistent pair then looked around unsuccessfully for side doors.

Finally they came back to the entrance and one of them said, "You're still not going to let us in?"

"That's right," the usher replied. "You can't come in without tickets."

"Very well," said the woman haughtily. "We'll just go into the ladies' room. We can hear quite well from there."

Whereupon they marched down the hall and through a door marked "Girls."

Not all of its Wichita fans will go to such lengths to hear a concert, but the Symphony does have a legion of loyal followers in one of the nation's most music-conscious communities. Last year the Wichita Symphony Society, Inc., sold 4,621 season tickets at \$5 to \$12.20 each—more than any other community orchestra of the American Symphony Orchestra League—and by the end of the season it had nearly 4,000 reservations for the 1956-57 series.

Ticket sales have outstripped its seating capacity, so that each of its six yearly concerts must be given twice, on a Sunday-Monday schedule.

The Symphony might be called a teachers' orchestra, for its 86 players

include 48 who are teaching either in the public schools, Wichita or Friends University or in private classes. Being able to find teaching jobs for good musicians has given Wichita a big advantage in attracting key players.

For example, Roger Roller, first oboist, left the Buffalo Philharmonic to teach in the Wichita school system. He puts it like this: "The orchestra players have an interest in Wichita as a place to live. People care about the Symphony here. And personally, I enjoy having a job in music; at Buffalo I was selling shoes on the side."

THE SYMPHONY came into being one day in 1944 when Dick Helt, president of the local musicians' union, called six of his friends to a meeting in the union hall to talk about forming an orchestra. His idea found a ready market; the group promptly wrote letters of invitation to about 80 top musicians in Wichita and nearby communities. Of these, 70 replied, in effect, "When do we start?"

That raised another question: where to rehearse? The organizers talked to Walter Schimmel, managing director of the Lassen Hotel, who said they could use the hotel ballroom. But there was one small catch: the room had to be ready for a Rotary luncheon each Monday and, because of the shortage of hotel help, the tables were set up for Rotary on Saturday.

In order to practice on Sunday, the orchestra would have to move the tables out and then back in after the rehearsal, and see that the place

was kept clean. So the musicians sandwiched their first orchestral movements between furniture movements, and polished off each practice with a swishing broomstick number.

To get the Symphony rolling, the players agreed to work the first year without pay. The opening concert was given in January, 1945, before a crowd of 1,100 in the Arcadia Theater, and the Symphony was in business.

The orchestra found a ready appetite for good music, but the budget was an annual bugaboo. After the first few seasons, a debt of \$3,500 had accumulated.

Alarmed by the deficit, 300 feminine fans formed the Women's Association and sponsored a "Symphony of Fashion." This prairie Spectacular played three performances and raised \$5,300, enabling the Symphony to pay off its debts. The women have been the backbone of the money-raising, ticket-selling activities ever since.

But the No. 1 "angel" of the Symphony is an engineer-businessman-patron named Sam Bloomfield, president of the Swallow Airplane Company. "If I had my way," he says, "everybody in Wichita would have a season ticket to the Symphony."

It is estimated that he and Mrs. Bloomfield have contributed more than \$50,000 to the orchestra. They have set up a fund which supports master-classes for string players, imports experts to adjust and repair instruments, awards scholarships to promising young musicians and sponsors a string quartet that now

plays in schools throughout the city.

Three of the original organizers of the Symphony are still with it—Alan Watrous, the business manager; Catherine Lombar, a violin teacher; and Robert Hollowell, head of music at North High School. Miss Lombar plays in the same section with three of her pupils, and the wives of Watrous and Conductor James Robertson sit side by side in the viola section.

The pay scale for the 46 men and 40 women in the orchestra varies from \$400 to \$500 a season; the first-chair players receive a little more.

Robertson, who is 47, has been conducting orchestras since picking up his father's baton when he was 19. He became head of the orchestra department at Wichita University in 1949 and took over the Symphony in 1950 in addition to his university duties. The thin, wiry little leader is notable for his lack of fiery temperament so often associated with conductors.

In the city-wide campaign to educate a new generation of music-lovers, more than 17,000 children

from 85 schools hear the orchestra each year. The players give eight one-hour concerts in a two-day program at East High, while city buses shuttle junior devotees back and forth. Next year the orchestra is planning a series of pop concerts for junior and senior high students, priced at movie-level and featuring symphonic music followed by dancing.

Plans have been proposed for a big municipal building program in Wichita, including a hall suitable for Symphony concerts. The East High auditorium has no dressing quarters, even. When baritone Robert Merrill sang with the Symphony he dressed in a biology classroom and laboratory. During the intermission, he was resting there when a young schoolgirl rushed up to the door. An usher stopped her. "You can't go in now; Mr. Merrill is resting. He'll give you an autograph later."

"Oh, I don't want an autograph," said the girl. "I just want to see how my snake is doing!"



The Easy Way



HEARING that a large industrial firm was planning to move nearby, an enterprising office supply man made plans to secure some business. He got a list of executives and began wining and dining them—each day hoping for an order, but without results. The day before the firm's grand opening he had about given up hope when the phone rang. A company official casually gave a big order to be delivered immediately. The man recovered from his shock to make the delivery on time, and was rewarded with a large daily order.

Later, he ventured to ask which move in his elaborate campaign had proved the clincher. "We never heard of you," he was told. "We picked your name from the classified pages of the telephone book."

—Northwestern Bell



Human Comedy



ASKED HOW things went on his farm last summer, a New Englander replied thoughtfully, "Waal, the gasoline pump and the hot-dog stand didn't pay for the seed the way they used to. I had one consolation though. 'South Pacific' was held over for two weeks in my barn."

—GORDON E. STRUNK

ONE SUNDAY morning a group of children in a Pasadena Sunday School class were asked this seeming run-of-the-mill question: "Why did the Pilgrims invite the Indians to the very first Thanksgiving dinner?"

"Because," said one straight-forward thinker, "there wasn't anybody else to invite."

—L. B. JONES

A MOBILE CHEST X-RAY UNIT traveled to different parts of the city for a week. On the last day, the attendant noticed a woman whose face seemed familiar.

"Haven't you had an X-ray before?" he asked.

"Oh yes," she replied enthusiastically. "This is my fifth trip, and I can't tell you how much better the treatments are making me feel!"

—BETTY COCHRAN

THEY WERE considering "form" messages at the telegraph center. The problem was to transmit telegrams and cables to servicemen, put-

ting in short wordings all the things soldiers would be most anxiously waiting to hear. One man suggested, "Let's have one reading: 'I am going to have a baby.' Because many a man will be glad to hear that."

Another spoke up, "And let's have one reading: 'I am not going to have a baby'—for the very same reason."

—CLINTON PAGE

A NEW YORK ANIMAL DEALER should have known better than to pack two woodpeckers in a crate divided by a wooden partition. When the shipment arrived at its destination, the partition had a hole in it and the woodpeckers were together and very happy.

—HAROLD HELPER

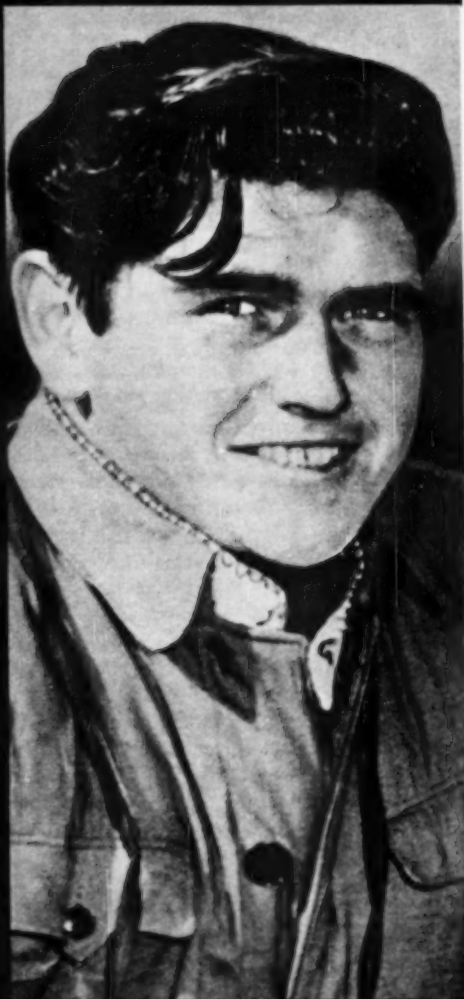
A COUNTRY PAPER IN IOWA, ever anxious for exclusive news, carried this editorial notice: "We were the first in the state to announce the destruction in Des Moines by fire of the mammoth — Brothers paint establishment. We are now the first to inform our readers that the report was absolutely without foundation."

—Copper's Weekly

Do you remember any funny original stories in the world of Human Comedy? Send them to: "Human Comedy," Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N.Y. Payment on publication . . . No contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

3 CAME BACK

IN far-off Korea on a January day in 1954, 21 American soldiers joined a dark and unholy company. They damned their country and pledged allegiance to her enemy. With thousands of others they had been offered freedom to return home after three years in Korean prison camps. Instead, they chose to live in Communist China. Smiling, unconcerned, they vanished with their captors—now their comrades—to take up new lives behind the Iron Curtain. In July, 1955, 17 months later, three of the 21 turned up in Hong Kong, disillusioned, aching to go home. This is the story of the three who came back—and what their lives are like today in the native land they once vowed never to see again.



WILLIAM A. COWART



LEWIS W. GRIGGS



OTHO G. BELL

They know, perhaps better than any other men, the poignancy of these lines: "Breathes there the man, with soul so dead, who never to himself hath said, This is my own, my native land!"



William Cowart (standing, left) waved a gay farewell in 1954 as he and other turncoats left Korea for Communist China after spurning return to U.S.

**"I'm dead inside. I've suffered too much,
I have no feeling. . . . The Man up there understands"**

WAS IT attention—fame—even notoriety—that Bill Cowart wanted? No one is sure. Bill doesn't like to talk about it. "I'm dead inside," he says, slowly. "I've suffered too much, I have no feeling." But he does; only it's an inarticulate agony. Sometimes, when he talks about what happened, he chokes up and can't go on.

Today he's a cook in a drive-in restaurant. He'd just as soon not have the name of the town known. He's lost three jobs be-

cause his identity was discovered. It's enough to say it's not his hometown of Dalton, Georgia, where they remember him as a moody boy who desperately wanted to be popular and never achieved it, and finally enlisted just before his 16th birthday. Something happened to him in prison camp—something beyond beating and starvation—"What's the use, you wouldn't believe what I'd tell you." It was this that led him to write strange letters home — and



Bill, 23, returned with a dishonorable discharge. He was left alone. He couldn't get a job. "Even if a girl wanted to go out with me, her folks wouldn't let her."

choose to be one among 21.

Why did Bill come back? He's vague, claiming he had to fight his way out of China to freedom. He hoped his experiences would help in the fight against

communism. But people at home avoided him. So he left.

"I'm not going to ask for sympathy," he says. "I'm not going to squirm on my belly. The Man up there doesn't condemn me."

Bill, who shares a \$6-a-week room with another man, was a cook in the Army, too. Often he stays overtime. "When I work, I don't have time to think."





In 1954, a photographer snapped this photo of Lewis Griggs (left) sightseeing in a Communist-dominated Korean town.

He was curious. He wanted adventure.

The price he paid will dog him to the end of his days

FOR ALL his 6 foot 2, Lewis Griggs is painfully shy. It's a torment for him to meet your eyes. In Neches, Texas, he was known as a boy who kept to himself. But his embarrassment vanishes, he's like a man possessed, when he talks about his driving ambition: "First thing I'm doing is getting rid of

this!" "This" is his dishonorable discharge. Then why did he stay? "I was curious. Wanted adventure—" No, it had nothing to do with communism. "They promised us school and travel and no punishment." Then what made him come home? He speaks of the disillusionment, the gruelling farm

work, the wondering when the promises would be kept. They never were.

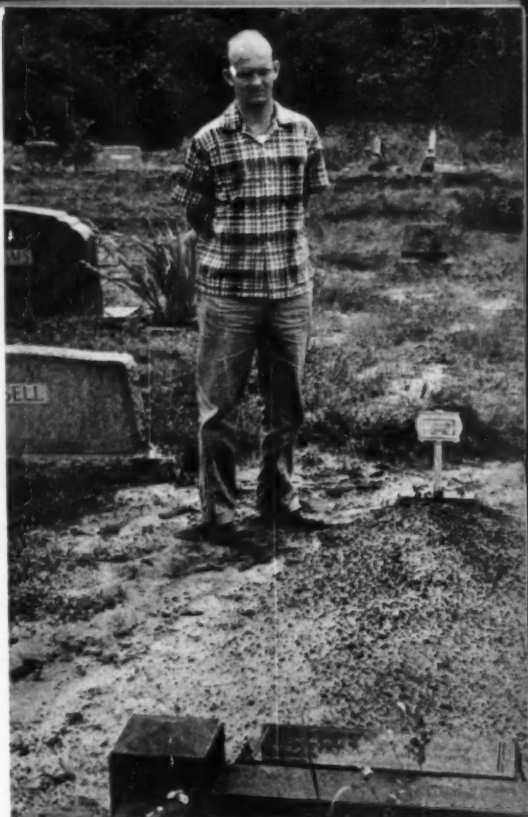
When Lewis Griggs enlisted at 17, he planned to make the Army his career. He even won an honor award in training for "outstanding military and academic proficiency." He was a medic in Korea when the Communists captured him in April, 1951. He looks older than 24; and thinks it's the malaria that caused his baldness and aging.

Griggs is pretty much alone now, "but I'm used to it." You must take his word for it that he lives with his brother and widowed mother: they're never around when he's questioned. "They don't want anything to do with it." If pressed, he blurts out, "I'm not going to let anybody push me any farther. I'm going to push myself out all by myself."

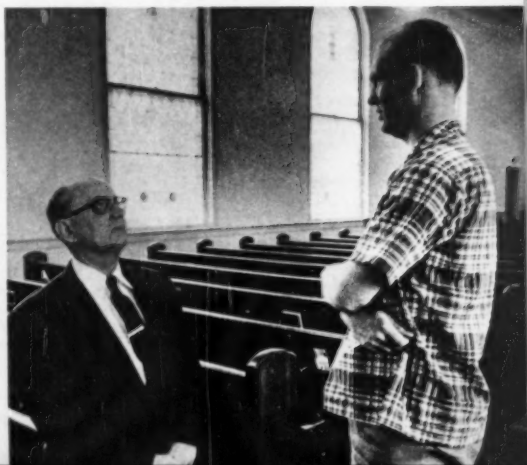
He's even written a book about his experiences—a book against communism. When he and the other two came back on July 29, 1955, the Army charged them with preaching communism and informing on their fellow prisoners, and imprisoned them. They were released 103 days later because the Supreme Court ruled the Army lacked jurisdiction.

Lewis still has great dreams. He hopes to study sociology in college. "I want to help people in trouble," he says. "I'd really understand a guy in trouble..."

NOVEMBER, 1956



"Dad died before the trouble. He never knew." Griggs often visits his father's grave. Or he finds solace with his pastor, Reverend C. R. Meadows.





On the day he chose to stay with his Communist captors, Otho Bell (right) seemed to have no regrets. He is seen singing with a Korean soldier just before leaving for China in January, 1954.

He knows some people call him traitor. He hopes they'll understand—and perhaps forgive

OF THE THREE who came back, only Otho Bell, of Hillsboro, Mississippi, is married. He says he originally remained with the Reds "because I swallowed [Communist] lies that my wife and daughter were waiting in China for me." Bell—and Bill Cowart and Lewis Griggs—"made a pact to get home or die trying. We had a choice—be Communists or be executed. We preferred to risk death. The gooks finally gave up and let us come home."

He claims he was thrown into jail in China for denouncing communism. He's always felt that people who thought him a traitor would understand, and perhaps forgive, "when they learned my story."

Bell joined his wife, Jewell, and daughter, Paula, in Olympia, Washington, where he got a job in a mushroom canning factory. Some people there didn't want him, he says, but others wrote letters in his defense.

Bell says he's been trailed and harassed by unknown persons whom he suspects are Communists, intent on throt-



Otho Bell, his wife, Jewell, and daughter, Paula, 6, live simply. Until recently, Mrs. Bell worked. She quit to await second child.

tling his outcries against communism. They're his greatest fear, he says.

Not once has he been insulted, says Bell. On his first job the manager said, "I'm not hiring your background. If you can do the work, you have a job."

Because he feels he knows

Communist methods, Bell would like to stomp the country, warning Americans against the sinister enemy. He hopes he'll be given a chance—"that the future will prove that a man who has sunk to the depths can also rise to the heights." He adds: "God alone should be my judge."



Bell, 25, grew up on a farm, left school in the 8th grade to enlist. He still tends a few crops. He knows some people condemn him—"but they don't know the mental torture that I suffered."

A Stunning Explanation of the JACK THE RIPPER

**Officially, the sadist who murdered and mutilated
ter 68 years the finger of guilt points to an aris-**

by RICHARD G. HUBLER

ALL THAT IS ACTUALLY KNOWN about one of the most notorious murderers in criminal history—the mysterious, unpunished killer who called himself Jack the Ripper—is that he appeared from nowhere in the squalid East End of London in 1888. He committed at least seven murders, six within three months. All his victims were prostitutes. All but one were slain by throat-cutting; most were viciously mutilated and some dissected, perhaps vivisected.

He sent a grisly souvenir of his activities—a female kidney—to the police. He scribbled on walls in chalk and the blood of his crimes. He boasted in a note to the newspapers: "This is the fourth. I will murder 16 more and then give myself up. Jack the Ripper."

But he never gave himself up. He vanished as he had appeared and remains a hideous, anonymous red classic in crime.

There are a thousand theories about his identity, his history and motives. One of the weirdest though most plausible—and until now unpublished—was advanced to me by the late Don Wilkie.

Wilkie was a shy little man, once a member of the United States Secret Service of which his father was Chief under Presidents McKinley, Theodore Roosevelt and Taft. Wilkie executed many secret missions in Europe during World War I.

His theory about Jack the Ripper seems both logical and irrefutable. And I hereby present it to the critical survey of the Ripperophiles—second only to the Sherlock Holmesians as a cult. . . .

The first Jack the Ripper murder—of Emma Elizabeth Smith, on April 3—was not even noted in the *London Times*. At the inquest, it was reported that the victim had survived 24 hours in the London Hospital. She had vaguely said she was followed, robbed, and bludgeoned by "some men." The weapon used on her appeared to be a blunt instrument.

The second victim, Martha Tabram, was found on August 7, her throat cut and bearing 39 additional stabs from a dull knife. "The murderer must have been a perfect savage," said the *Times* account blandly.

Since these killings took place in one of the most sordid spots of Vic-

RIDDLE

women died unpunished. But autocratic Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde

torian London — the Whitechapel district of the East End — where prostitutes swarmed and were beaten and left unconscious almost every night, the nonchalance can be excused.

But when the still-warm body of a third woman, Mary Ann Nichols, was found in Whitechapel's Bucks Row in a similar condition on August 31, the news sent terror throughout the city.

It was at this point that Robert James Lees had a strange dream. Lees was a well-known and apparently gifted clairvoyant. No one doubted his sincerity, though many did not believe in his powers. Lees was highly religious and humanitarian; much of his time and personal fortune was devoted to working among the poor of the Whitechapel district.

In Lees' dream, what he termed his spiritual "control" told him that Jack the Ripper would mutilate another victim near a certain police station; and that he was to be instrumental in "stopping these murders."

Next morning, Lees found the dream written down in his own hand on a pad by his bedside. He did not

recall doing it, but he was used to these manifestations of automatic writing. He believed implicitly in his vision and wrote a long letter to Scotland Yard. He received no acknowledgement, for at that time thousands of crackpot letters were pouring in.

On September 8, on Hanbury Street, the fourth victim was discovered. She was Annie Chapman,



ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN PRENTICE

a pretty little housewife turned streetwalker. This time the murderer had increased the frenzy of his technique—he had completely eviscerated the woman—and the police theory definitely shifted from a murderous gang of pimps to a lunatic of the “most fiendish character.”

In this, as well as in the third murder, the weapon was “a thin, sharp, narrow blade at least six to eight inches in length . . . used with anatomical knowledge.” Nevertheless, the police were positive that all the deaths were interrelated: that the murderer, in fact, was getting more expert and gaining more pleasure from his crimes.

And since the Chapman murder was committed at roughly the same spot that Lees had designated, two inspectors visited him. One dismissed Lees’ explanation as moonshine. The other, a strongly religious man, listened with attention. Lees was exonerated from complicity and the police—on the theory that any help was better than none—asked him to keep them informed if he had any more psychic clues.

He did. In another letter to Scotland Yard he stated that, sitting in his study, he “seemed to see two persons, a man and a woman, walking down the length of a mean street. I followed them with my mind’s eye and saw them enter a narrow court . . . There was a gin palace near the court, ablaze with light . . . I saw the man and woman enter a dark corner. The woman was half-drunk. The man was perfectly sober and dressed in a dark suit of Scotch tweed. He carried a light overcoat on his arm and wore a light felt hat.

His bright blue eyes glittered . . .

“The man threw his light overcoat gently on the ground, laid his cane on it and put one hand over the woman’s mouth . . . the man drew a knife from his inside vest pocket and cut the woman’s throat. The blood streamed over his shirt-front. He held his hand over her mouth until she fell to the ground. He then inflicted sundry gashes on her with his knife. These were delivered in a scientific manner. He then tore off a piece of the woman’s clothes to wipe his knife with, and, putting on his light overcoat, he buttoned it up so as to hide his shirt-front—after which he walked calmly away from the scene.”

THE FIFTH murder—that of Elizabeth “Long Liz” Stride in Berner Street, a narrow court entered through a large pair of wooden gates, overlooked by an upper-story, brightly-lighted set of rooms called the International Workmen’s Educational Club—agreed with Lees’ vision in almost every detail.

Lees’ “gin palace,” however, was the meeting of the club to discuss “the necessity for Socialism among the Jews.” (A curious addition to this may be noted in the sixth murder. Near the body was scrawled in chalk: “The Juwes are not the men that will be blamed for nothing.”)

The clairvoyant was as shaken as were the police. Though they undoubtedly suspected him, he was allowed to go to the Continent for several weeks’ rest. By the time he returned, he was exonerated: Jack the Ripper had struck again.

The body of Catharine Eddowes,

the sixth victim, was found in Mitre Square on September 30. Her throat was cut, her face gashed and "there were other indescribable mutilations . . . in the lower part of the body."

The Jews were already suspect—the chalk inscription had been rubbed out hastily "to prevent a riot"—and Americans were regarded askance because of a similar series of murders that had taken place in Texas a year before.

Communications received from Jack the Ripper were reported to be "of a brutal character." These consisted of a letter and a card sent to the Central News Agency and forwarded to the police. In the letter, the writer confessed his crimes and said that in his "next job" he would prove it by "clipping the lady's ears off" and sending them in "just for jolly." He jocularly asked that his note be withheld until he had done "a bit more work."

Four days later, the postcard signed by "Jack the Ripper" was received. It ran: "I was not coddling, dear old Boss, when I gave you the tip. You'll hear about Saucy Jacky's work tomorrow. Double event this time. Number One squealed a bit; couldn't finish straight off. Had not time to get ears for police. Thanks for keeping last letter back till I got to work again." It was dated October 1.

Two weeks later, a member of the Whitechapel Vigilance Committee named Lusk, assigned to the case, got a letter accompanied by a small cardboard box. The letter read: "From Hell, Mr. Lusk. Sir, I send you half the kidne I took from one



She stared in silent horror as her husband held the mewing cat closer to the flame.

woman, prasarved it for you . . . I may send you the bloody knife that took it out if you only wate while longer. Catch me when you can, Mr. Lusk."

Lusk skeptically took the shriveled bit of flesh to a medical man who declared it was a "longitudinally-divided" human kidney belonging to a 40- to 45-year-old woman who drank heavily, and that it had been removed within the last three weeks. This description fitted Eddowes—and her left kidney had been missing. (The threatened gift of the ears never turned up as far as is known.)

Lees entered the case once more



Scotch tweeds and a felt hat were the dream clues to the slayer's identity.

when, while having supper with Ronald B. Shaw and Fred C. Beckwith, he suddenly bent over with a severe case of cramps. He turned his agonized face toward his companions and blurted: "Jack the Ripper! He's doing murder again!"

Shaw looked at his watch. It was 7:49 P.M.

The trio hailed a hackney cab and drove to Scotland Yard. While they were relating what had happened, the report came in that at 7:50 a constable had discovered the body of Mary Jane Kelly in Miller's Court.

Lees and his companions went directly to the spot with the police. As they entered in the dark, Lees said hoarsely: "Look in the angle of the wall!"

A light was struck. Scrawled in chalk they read: "Seventeen. Jack the Ripper."

From then on, Lees devoted his time to discovering the murderer. One day, while riding on a bus with his wife, he received the same chilly foreboding that had plagued him before. At Notting Hill a man in dark Scotch tweeds and a light overcoat got in. Lees gripped his wife's arm and whispered: "That's Jack the Ripper!"

She told him not to be silly.

At the Marble Arch, the man got out. Lees left his wife and followed. He stopped the first policeman he saw and tried to have him arrest the man. The officer laughed at him. Lees saw the man hail a cab and drive off down Piccadilly.

Lees' report intrigued the police but did not help them much. They already had a hatful of descriptions

of Jack the Ripper—and not one tallied with another.

But the murder of the 24-year-old Kelly girl was particularly gruesome. Jack the Ripper was clearly approaching a climax in his orgy of blood and lust, for each slaying had been more terrible and depraved than the one preceding.

Faced with the prospect of more, Scotland Yard, willing to try anything, however farfetched, assigned an inspector and a couple of officers to accompany Lees on one of the strangest walking-tours in the history of London.

Lees was convinced that his psychic powers were keyed up enough to enable him to locate the hiding-place of the sadistic mass murderer. And until four o'clock in the morning they walked the streets. The clairvoyant held his head high, turning it in one direction and another, trying to follow the instinct which guided him. The others dogged his footsteps, without hope.

Abruptly, at the gate of a West End mansion, Lees stopped. He pointed up to a dimly-lit window. "Your man is in there," he said in a dry whisper.

The inspector was staggered. This was the house of a famous surgeon noted for his skill: more than that, a man rumored to be related to the royal family of England. He demanded that Lees describe the inner hall of the house.

Lees composedly replied: "A high porter's chair of black oak on the right, at the end a stained glass window—with a large mastiff asleep beneath it."

They roused the servants and en-

tered the hall—exactly as Lees had described it with the exception of the mastiff. The housekeeper admitted she had just let the dog out into the garden in the rear.

The inspector talked with the doctor's wife in the drawing room. She admitted that her husband was away from home at the times of the Jack the Ripper murders; that he often threatened her; and that she was convinced that he was of unsound mind.

The doctor himself—a tall, blue-eyed, austere, dignified man whose first name was John—was wakened and questioned. He voluntarily informed the inspector that he often found himself away from his office but he could not recall where he had been. On two occasions he had recovered his memory to find himself sitting in his room—as if roused from a stupor—his shirt-front bloody or his face scratched.

A search of the house uncovered the Scotch tweeds, soft felt hat and light overcoat. The doctor, finally convinced of his own guilt, demanded that the Scotland Yard men kill him at once. "I cannot live with a monster!" he cried.

The doctor was placed under arrest and his past record probed. This revealed that while a medical student at Guy's Hospital, he was a devotee of the art of vivisection. Pain seemed to give him pleasure: he appeared to be both a masochist and sadist.

Testifying before the Alienist Commission, his wife declared: "He was an excellent father (he had a young son) and husband in his normal moods and one of the gentlest

of men . . ." But she added, "One night when I went upstairs I remembered that I had left my watch on the drawing-room mantelpiece. I descended the stairs; as I approached the drawing-room I heard the sound of a cat mewling.

"Looking through the door . . . I was horrified to see my husband holding a cat over the flame of the lamp. I was too frightened to do anything but retreat."

What made her willing to give her testimony was fear for herself and their son.

The verdict of the Commission was unanimous. The doctor was certified as a dangerous lunatic and sent to an asylum. His number was 124. It is rumored that an empty coffin reposes in his name in the family vault of a London cemetery.

Wilkie's theory draws a good deal of support from the London *Times* files for 1888 and the files of the *Daily Express* for 1931, the year of Lees' death. His own investigations covered the police reports and confi-

dential files. But whether his contentions are true—or even warranted—is a question that cannot be concluded at this remove of 68 years from that reign of terror.

What was the terrible animus Jack the Ripper had against prostitutes? Wilkie theorized that he had probably been infected by a prostitute with syphilis, then an incurable and ravaging disease. This theory has been advanced by other Ripperophiles, as well. In any event, Jack the Ripper never touched a respectable woman.

One final set of facts may be added to Wilkie's account. The rewards offered for the apprehension of Jack the Ripper totaled more than \$150,000. No one knows if they were paid or, if they were, to whom. But at the death of Lees it was disclosed that he had been received more than once at the palace by Queen Victoria. And it has been rumored that he received an annual Privy Purse pension of about \$7,500 "for many years."



Noticeable

WITHOUT A DOUBT, the loudest noise in the world is the first rattle in your new car.

—EARL WILSON

GOVERNMENT is like a stomach: if it's doing its work right you will hardly realize you've got one.

—Nuggets

TWENTY YEARS AGO lots of folks dreamed of earning the salary they can't get along on today.

—Grit

YOU'LL NOTICE that the fire department never fights fire with fire.

—Elizabethtown (Kentucky) News

AFRICA'S UGLY PRIMA DONNA



It's the rhino—a creature of comic opera temperament—who may do anything, from derailing a train or tackling an elephant—to falling asleep in the midst of a charge

by REED MILLARD

A TRAIN rumbling along the tracks in Kenya came to a sudden crashing stop, then plunged off the rails. While stunned passengers crawled out, the cause of it all shook herself and calmly walked away. The train had been derailed by the charge of an angry lady rhinoceros.

By this surprising feat, the mighty rhino proved not only the savage power in its two-ton bulk, but its right to be called the most temperamental beast on earth. It is a distinction shared by both male and female alike.

Sometimes friendly and docile, these ponderous denizens of Africa, second largest land animal on earth, will, for no apparent reason, go into a mad charge, hurling themselves against anything momentarily considered an enemy. Rhinos have thus attacked trucks, bands of elephants, and even, on one occasion, an ar-

tillery detachment, upsetting and trampling field guns.

For sheer all-around ugliness, the rhino is unsurpassed by any other beast. His hideous face, outlandish horns, rough skin and ungainly body, too big for his tiny feet, make him seem to belong among the monstrosities from earth's biological past.

Nature appears to have slipped up badly in designing the rhino's skin. It looks as if it had been cast off from some still larger beast, for it is definitely too big, hanging in great sagging folds. In this respect, however, the African rhino is somewhat better tailored than his Asiatic cousin.

He is equipped with one of nature's most fearsome weapons, his large central horn. This anatomical marvel reaches awesome proportions. The record horn of a black rhino actually measured 53½ inches and a white rhino topped even that

with a horn that was five feet long.

A rhino's horn does not grow out of his skull, as might be supposed, but is attached rather loosely to his scalp. And, oddly enough, it is not made of bone at all, but of tightly compressed hairs. Nevertheless, it is hard enough to remain unbroken even in a charge against a solid object.

THOUGH it is his most effective weapon, the rhino's horn has led to the near extinction of the breed. For this curious horn has, for centuries, been credited with marvelous medicinal powers. European monarchs once prized it when made into a drinking cup, for they believed that it would ward off poisons.

Because of this and also because their bad tempers hamper their mating, the rhino's numbers have dwindled until in many areas of Africa where thousands once roamed now only hundreds are left.

Surprisingly, the horn has an odd weakness. If a bullet hits the tip of it, the rhino goes down, knocked out cold, and remains so for about six seconds.

Zoologists explain that a hard, sharp blow, such as that provided by the bullet, is transmitted directly to his brain, with the resultant knock-out. Harder, but less sharp, blows are somehow absorbed by the horn.

This strange vulnerability of his horn is in startling contrast to the rhino's incredible toughness. A rhino with one leg so badly damaged by shots that it was dragging uselessly was tracked for miles. Another, afterwards found to be riddled with

bullets, ran for a third of a mile before even slowing down.

For all his massive build and great weight, the rhino is surprisingly agile, getting about with what one astonished naturalist described as "the ease of a polo pony." He moves, too, with an amazing swiftness for his size and weight.

His wicked horn and his speed would make him a formidable enough opponent even if he behaved like other animals, which he doesn't. For hours, the leaf-eating rhino will graze peacefully among other animals. Then, with no warning, and without visible provocation, he will suddenly charge a zebra or a giraffe with which he has just been on the best of terms. If this quarry gets away, he may turn upon any other animal that happens to be within reach.

Such a sudden rhino attack looks like an explosion, as animals scatter wildly in all directions. A few hours later, they may drift back together and the rhino will move peaceably among them, showing no sign of belligerence.

Why a rhino makes these seemingly senseless charges is a question. Carl Akeley, the noted African animal photographer, says, "The rhino just goes crazy drunk and runs amok."

Akeley has reason for that statement, for he has been pursued many times.

Hugh Stanton, a veteran explorer, maintains that the charge is a product of unreasoning panic. "When a rhino appears to be charging," he says, "he actually thinks he's running away from a danger.

He just doesn't know where he's going."

Those who hold to this view point out that the rhino's eyesight is so poor that he is unable to see clearly anything distant; hence he can not really see the men or other animals he races toward with such apparent purposefulness.

Many experts agree that nothing short of being wounded is so likely to send a rhino into a charge as to have something get between him and a waterhole. Then he goes berserk, charging madly at whatever is in his path. Hunters have seen thirsty rhinos lunge into herds of elephants.

A bull rhino is a fearsome pursuer, but a mother rhino may be worse. The mother tends her baby with unusual affection long after he is perfectly capable of fending for himself. If any danger, real or fancied, appears, she hurries to put herself between it and her offspring. With total disregard for consequences, she will charge any menace.

The rhino's most startling display of prima donna temperament often is shown after he has begun a charge.

One, noticing the zoologist Ken Scott, Jr., sitting in a giant fig tree, rushed toward him. Acting on impulse, Scott, who was unarmed, turned his flashlight on the rhino. Thereupon the animal started rushing wildly about until he finally disappeared.

"Incredible though it seemed," observed Scott, "the mighty beast was plainly scared stiff."

Scientists and hunters have reported rhinos driven off by being hit with tossed stones. One rhino charging a man suddenly stopped and stood pawing the ground in front of a large bush. Lowering his head, he charged the bush and trampled it under foot. After looking at it blearily for a moment, he trotted off with the air of a conqueror.

But almost beyond explanation is the curious behavior of a rhino chasing a hunter whose gun was being carried by a gunbearer. Suddenly the earth-shaking sounds of pursuit ceased and the hunter, after hiding behind a bush, stole a glance over his shoulder, then stared in disbelief. His mighty pursuer stood stock still, his head drooping—sound asleep!

What U and I Can Do

(Answers to quiz on page 67)

1. defy—deIfy; 2. hose—hoUse; 3. morn—moUrn; 4. cold—coUld;
5. pant—paInt; 6. more—moIre; 7. pose—polse; 8. lose—loUse;
9. runs—ruIns; 10. alas—alIas; 11. gong—goIng; 12. fans—faUns;
13. bond—boUnd; 14. sops—soUps; 15. nose—noIse; 16. lads—laUds;
17. shed—shIed; 18. fond—foUnd; 19. bats—baIts; 20. host—hoIst;
21. pals—paIls; 22. hers—heIrs; 23. pans—paIns; 24. dose—doUse;
25. gaze—gaUze; 26. most—moIst; 27. chef—chIef; 28. sped—spIed;
29. pars—paIrs; 30. maze—maIze; 31. pots—poUts; 32. moth—moUth;
33. rose—roUse; 34. dong—doIng; 35. case—caUse; 36. wave—waIve;
37. tots—toUts; 38. pond—poUnd; 39. rots—roUts.



PHOTOGRAPH BY ROY SCHATT

The Strange James Dean Death Cult

by HERBERT MITGANG

He skyrocketed to film fame . . . then suddenly perished in a crash . . . now thousands of teen-agers have made a religion of his memory—and many even believe he'll be "resurrected"

AS DUSK FELL on September 30, 1955, a low-slung silver Porsche Spyder sports car, a large 130 painted on its side, was roaring along Highway 466 near Paso Robles, California. At the wheel of this \$7,000 worth of gleaming metal and supercharged motor was James Dean, 24, actor; beside him, Rolf Weutherich, German auto mechanic. They were headed for the races at Salinas.

At the intersection of Highway 41, a car driven by Donald Turnupseed, a college student, made a left turn and the two vehicles met head-on. The student and the mechanic survived. The actor, who owned the racing car, died on the way to a hospital in Paso Robles.

The State Highway Patrol, which had ticketed Dean for speeding near Bakersfield less than two hours before the crash, made the startling revelation that he must have driven his car all the way at an average speed of nearly 75 miles an hour.

And with that, the James Dean legend began.

Strange things have happened since the day this talented young actor lost his life. The number of his fans and the steady requests for photographs and other Dean memorabilia have gone far beyond normal expectations; the pictures in which he appeared are

today considered hot properties; and he still receives the adulation of thousands of teen-agers.

This fall, what is supposed to be his greatest movie achievement, portraying the character Jett Rink, Texas oil tycoon, in Edna Ferber's *Giant*, will be released. And Warner Brothers, Dean's home studio, will not be too surprised if he receives the first posthumous Academy Award for acting.

These are credible things. But the fantastic climax of the Dean legend is the oft-repeated rumor, perpetuated by movie columnists, which calls for the resurrection of James Dean himself, in person, alive. According to this weird story, first given currency in a gossip column, when Dean crashed, his face was badly mutilated. Since then, he has been in hiding, undergoing facial repairs. Someone else supposedly was buried in his place; and when *Giant* is released, Dean, almost as good as new, will reappear.

THE LIVING DEAN was complex enough without any such embellishments. To some, he seemed a less mumbling imitation of Marlon Brando—an honor graduate of the black leather jacket and motorcycle jackboots school of acting and living it up. To others, he was a lovable, albeit moody, young man who liked animals, his profession and young people. To those who judged him by his films and television appearances, he was the rebel without a cause, the misunderstood delinquent—but, in any case, an actor of talent.

The facts of his brief life perhaps cast light on his strange afterlife.

James Byron Dean was born in Marion, Indiana, on February 8, 1931. His father was a dental technician at a Veterans Administration Hospital. When his mother died in 1940, Jimmy was sent back to Fairmount, Indiana, to live on a farm with his aunt and uncle.

All through his high school days he was respected as an athlete and character actor in the dramatic society. He left Indiana after high school to live with his father in Los Angeles.

There, Dean first enrolled at Santa Monica Junior College as a physical education major, also participating in dramatics and announcing on the school's FM station. "Just for the hell of it," he said, "I signed up for a pre-law course at the University of California in Los Angeles." But he was kicked out of a campus fraternity for "busting a couple of guys in the nose," and this ended his brief college career.

Physically, Dean was of medium height and on the slim side. He had poor vision and usually looked in need of a barber.

Encouraged by actor James Whitmore, he obtained bit parts in a Hollywood television play and in two films, then with a few hundred dollars in his pockets embarked for Broadway by bus. There he got a few small parts on TV and patrolled the streets of midtown Manhattan West in the uniform of the day for the young actor: suntans, white sneakers, polo shirt and sports jacket, plus the hungry look. Aloneness and a resonant voice were the hallmarks of Jimmy and his friends.

When Dean went broke, he

learned that the owner of a sloop had theatrical connections, and applied for the job of a sailor. This calculated scheming—so unlike the simple farm boy he has been pictured—paid off. Dean was interviewed for a part in *See the Jaguar*, which opened on Broadway in December, 1952. Although the play closed after a week, he had been noticed. A year later he was in a second Broadway play, *The Immoralist*, in the role of an unpleasant, blackmailing Arab boy.

Of his acting skill, there was no question. He won Broadway's Donaldson and Perry Awards as the most promising young actor. Then Warner Brothers gave him a screen test for *East of Eden* and he was on his way to stardom. His reputation was enhanced by his second picture, *Rebel Without a Cause*.

It was more for Dean's peculiar behavior than his one Broadway success that he is remembered in New York, where he seemed well on the way to becoming a character. Or an adolescent, depending on how one looked at his strange, self-centered behavior.

"Jimmy was beautifully nuts," says a photographer friend of his. "He could make you dislike him and like him at the same sitting."

A young actress, fascinated by his antics, recalls, "He would do anything to attract attention. Yet he could be kind and attentive, if he was in the mood, or he could be sullen and enraged."

A veteran actress who worked with him took a less sympathetic view of Dean's antics. "He was thoroughly unprofessional and unreli-

able—a selfish little boy," she says. At the same time, she admits that she disliked him but respected his acting ability.

Perhaps this attitude toward life which brought Dean mixed notices as a person and personality was best explained by Jimmy himself once: "Acting is to me the most logical way for people's neuroses to manifest themselves. Actors act so that they may express the fantasies in which they have involved themselves. The problem for this cat is not to get lost."

In Hollywood, Henry Ginsberg, co-producer of *Giant*, said of Dean: "In 16 months of film acting he left a more lasting impression on the public than many stars do in 30 years. Jimmy was a perfectionist in everything he attempted. His manner of approach to the role of Jett Rink is an example. Jimmy learned to rope cattle, ride horseback and play a guitar. He didn't have to do any of these in the picture. Yet he felt he could obtain a deeper understanding this way."

The startling aspect of the Dean story is not so much the life as the afterlife. Even the professionals in the industry are surprised. Occasionally, some personality comes along whose proportions are so magnificent or whose magnetism is so compelling that he becomes the object of posthumous worship. Exactly 30 years ago, this happened with a man named Rudolph Valentino, the old sheik. It is happening again with Dean.

"A curious case of juvenile frustration, sex-substitution and hero-worship running like electrical lines

into a centrally convenient fusebox," is the way a New York psychologist sums up the Dean phenomenon.

To most Dean cultists, it really doesn't matter by this time whether Dean is around. Indeed, many of his "new" fans do not know that he died in an accident while challenging the speed laws. People see his movies and conceive of him as alive.

His studio reports that he gets more fan mail and requests for photographs than such stalwarts as James Stewart, John Wayne and Spencer Tracy. At the time of his death he received a few hundred letters monthly; today they arrive at the rate of 5,000. The letters themselves attain rare levels of intimacy and desire.

A television program that ran a tribute to Dean received this letter from a club formed in his honor: "Everyone who joins the club is so happy. They write the club to tell how good it makes them feel inside, how it brings inner peace. We can't accomplish anything by it but his faith is spreading. It is just wonderful meeting people who love Jimmy so much and want to keep him alive in their hearts always."

There are other evidences of this strange afterlife. A souvenir shop in New York exhibits amateurish oil paintings of Dean that sell for from \$40 to \$200 apiece. Another store bills a long, wicked-looking knife as "The James Dean Special." On the West Coast, a couple bought the wreck of Dean's car and put it on display at 50¢ admission.

Besides these macabre touches, there are serious efforts to perpetuate the Dean memory and legend.

Pilgrimages are made to Fairmount, where the actor is buried. At the funeral, 600 people crowded the Quaker Friends Church while 3,000 stood outside.

On the 30th of each month, the day he crashed, flowers are put on his grave, anonymously. On his posthumous 25th birthday, 40 baskets and bouquets were found there.

ALL THIS naturally leads to the question: What is the special appeal of this darkling youth whose star fell in a crashing twilight? To discover the answer, one must listen not so much to colleagues as to ordinary fans. For it is among them that the Dean of fact and fancy still lives.

Hear, then, the 16-year-old president of a James Dean fan club with nearly 200 members ranging in age from 14 to 70. She is a high school student, and listening to her pleasing voice with its surprising levels of sensitivity, one learns about Dean's appeal—and the public to whom he appeals:

"I started out following Jimmy's career when I was 14—I was only a kid then. My girl friend and I would come to New York to see the TV stars. We'd go to the Cromwell Drugstore in the RCA Building where the actors would be sitting before the shows. We'd go up and get their autographs. My girl friend and I noticed Jimmy. He looked so nice. He was so sweet. He smiled at us. I never thought of him as a grownup, more as a friend, like us, but a boy. *He would talk to us even though we weren't anybody.*

"Oh, the disgusting things they've said about him. That he was rude.

But he was sweet and gentle. He was natural. I went to see all his pictures about 20 times.

"I don't like to talk about his accident. My girl friends and I were planning to come to see him when he came to New York. We wanted to see if he would recognize us because we were kids then, but we're big now. This other girl friend of mine, she can't speak a month after the accident, she can't concentrate in school. There's this other girl friend who hasn't done anything, and hardly eats or sleeps since Jimmy died. She dates an older man.

"Jimmy dated a lot of girls but he wasn't serious about any of them. Except Pierre Ann-jelly (Pier Angeli). She jilted Jimmy. I hate her. A girl friend of mine found out where she was staying in New York. My girl friend tripped her in the lobby for what she did to Jimmy.

"A lot of boys I know don't like Jimmy. But they respect him. He's so different from the boys in high

school. He did what he wanted to do. *If he didn't want to do something, he didn't.* Nobody bossed him. At all those Hollywood parties, he didn't dress up. Nobody told him what to wear.

"I hate all boys compared to Jimmy. I keep looking for him in other boys. He was intelligent and smart. He spoke so softly. I don't know, he was just perfect, like in his pictures. He wasn't too tall or too short. He didn't talk like a hep cat. When you were with Jimmy you knew he was listening to you when you spoke. He was conscious you were there.

"I don't like to talk about the accident. I don't think he was going as fast as the papers say. Maybe he wasn't the one who was driving, I heard it was someone who was with him.

"Is Jimmy still alive? I've heard that, but I don't think so. I don't think he would want to make so many girls suffer as much as we still do pining for him."

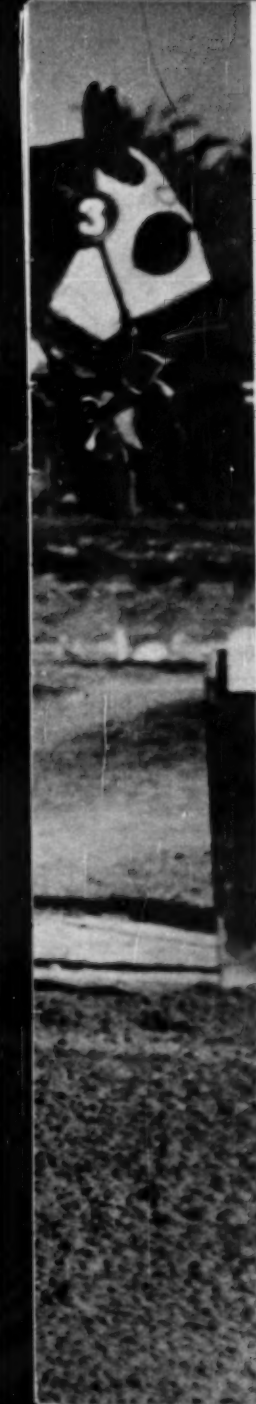
Modern Mechanics



A PROUD FATHER, with an automotive turn of mind, announced the arrival of a new born son, as follows: "Weight, eight pounds, seven ounces; wheel base, 21 inches; lighting equipment, bright blue head lamps with automatic dimmers; frame, well balanced, strong, flexible, well reinforced; body, rubber mounting for safety, well insulated, will not rattle or squeak; finish, shellpink; horn, high-frequency vibrator type—loudest when fuel tank is empty; top, well-rounded front and back, golden glint covering; fuel, gravity feed, four-ounce tank, centrally located; clutch, easy slip type, positive release, improves with age; circulating system, self-cooling, water jacket, self-contained; special equipment, kiddy-koop, safety pins, Q-tips, talcum and many other standard extras."

—Nuggets





For millions of Americans the "Sport of Kings" is a serious business sans glamor

TENSION AT THE TRACK

by JAMES A. SKARDON

RISKING ONE'S MONEY is a serious business, no matter what the enterprise. But it is doubtful if anyone takes the risk more seriously than the millions of hopeful Americans who each year bet more than \$2,000,000,000 on horse races. There is, of course, color, glamor and excitement at the track. Yet most of this—except for the pulse-punishing tension—is lost on the average fan. He sees only one horse in the race—the one he has bet on—and a gilded image of a pyramiding bank roll. As a result, his day consists of an agonizing ritual. Here is how he performs it.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARROLL SEGHERS II



Bettor's tools: program, tip sheets, money, tickets, pencil, binoculars, and Racing Form to check records.



The faces are varied, but the expressions similar as each shows the strain of having to sift the welter of whispered tips and random information and reach a de-

WHICH HORSE? The tempo and the strain increase as the time for decision approaches. There are a lot of factors to consider—the distance, the opposition, the weights the horses are carrying, track conditions, the jockey and dozens of other variables in the win-lose equation. In the end, the average bettor, a superstitious being, ignores the facts and plays a horse because he likes its name or has dreamed it would win.

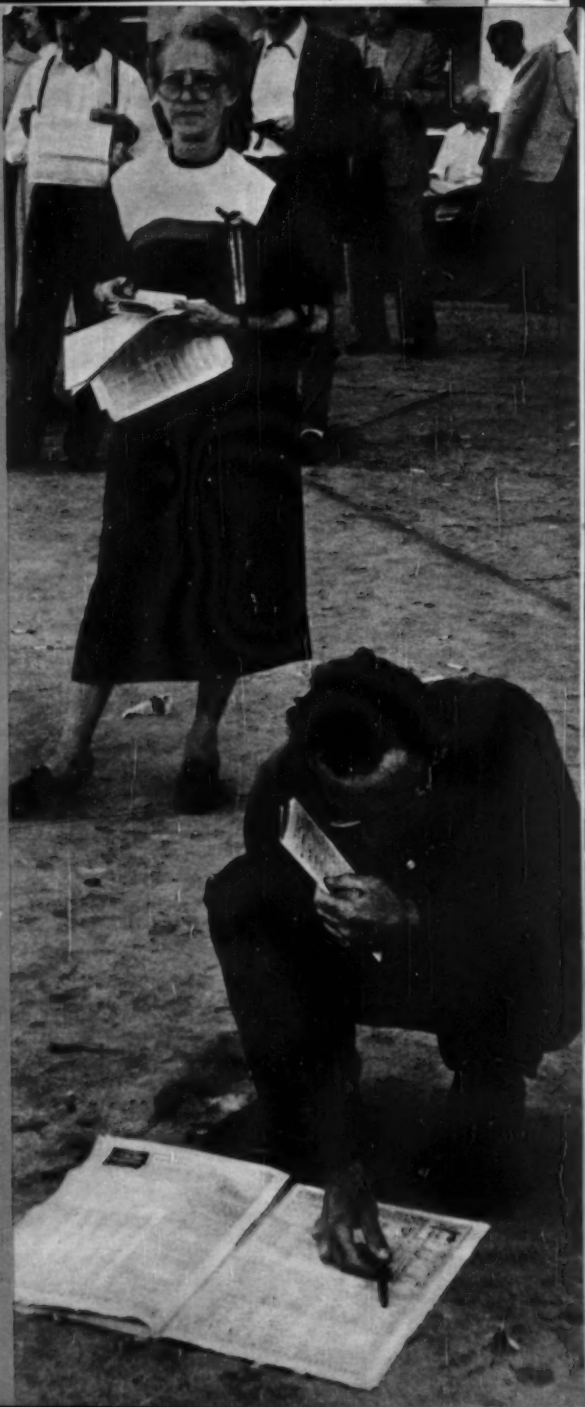
One woman feels as if she is being strangled. The other chews her fingernails. It's their reaction to the giant "tote" board, with its changing odds.

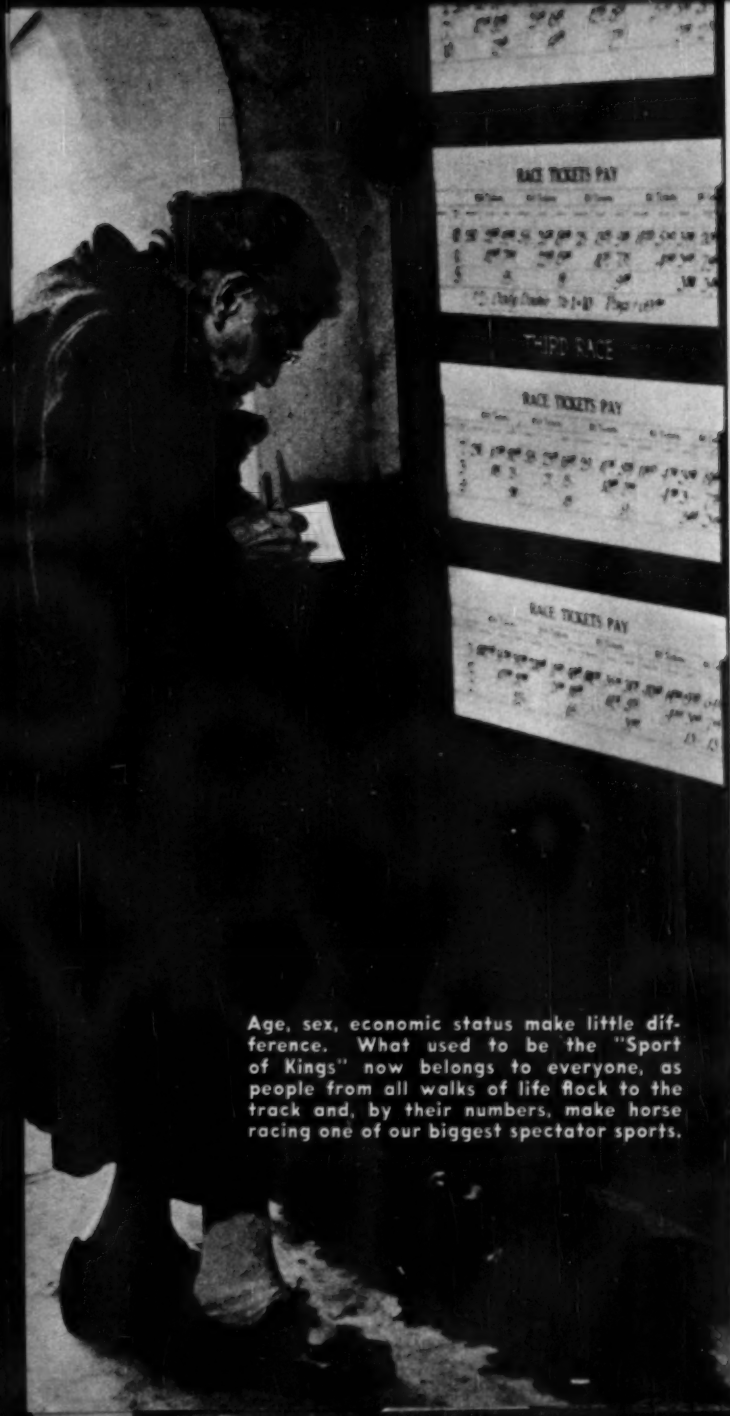




cision that could well
make or break the day.

Few average bettors know
how to use the complicated
form charts offered for sale.
And even the experts man-
age to pick winners only
30 per cent of the time.





Age, sex, economic status make little difference. What used to be the "Sport of Kings" now belongs to everyone, as people from all walks of life flock to the track and, by their numbers, make horse racing one of our biggest spectator sports.



Gathering at the paddock, where the horses are displayed, many fans pick their favorite strictly for appearance—as in a beauty contest—and hope for the best.



THE STRING OF TIME draws taut. Bets made, the fans move from the windows back to their seats. And now a faceless voice speaks, "The horses are going to the post!" Bettors who were so certain moments before are suddenly plagued with doubts. But it is too late. The voice barks, "They're off!" And the horses leap from the starting gate, with their jockeys clinging to their necks as the mad scramble for position begins.

Feet stamping and programs waving, some urge on their choice, shouting, "Go! go! go!" Others stand and watch silently, waiting for the results.





The anxiety is ended and hope is rewarded—a winner collects.

THE RACE is over, and the clamor and action subside. Lucky tickets are kissed. Losing tickets are crumpled. Winners brag—even to strangers—while with perspiring hands they count their money and make the day's reckoning. Now the lucky coin or the rabbit's foot is put away, fingers are uncrossed and "systems" re-evaluated against another day. For, whether he won or lost, the true racing fan will be back. He cannot stay away, despite the wear and tear on his nerves and the inevitable conclusion—you can't beat the horses.

His job is done. With veins bulging and nostrils flaring, the horse is led to the paddock by his jockey, who will unsaddle him and return him to trainer.



Small Businesses You Can Start —on a Shoestring

by BERNARD GEIS

They are in the new booming field of service, require little capital, little experience and promise big futures

WHAT ARE the chances of starting a small business today, and making money at it?
“Excellent—if you choose the right type of business,” says Franklin Elias, president of the Coastal Commercial Corporation of New York City, which makes upwards of \$25,000,000 a year in loans to new business enterprises.

The specific area of business that Mr. Elias believes will be the money-maker during the next five or ten years is *service*, the performing of any useful function for offices, factories or homes. It can be a repair service, an advisory service or any of a number of types.

A service business, today, is a “hot” field for the newcomer, and is apt to be even better as time goes on. “Because,” Mr. Elias explains, “it requires comparatively little money to launch and ties up a minimum of the investment in fixed assets. More important, spiraling overhead is going to prove an increasing headache for more and more firms. They will find that, rather than employ people full time to perform various routine functions, they can cut down overhead by utilizing an outside service. A small business performing such a function for 30 or 40 different companies can do so more cheaply than those companies can do it for themselves.”

Strangely enough, a service business is the one type least able to utilize the services of a financing company such as Coastal Commercial Corporation. Coastal does the bulk of its lending in

the fields of electronics, metal-working and sub-contracting of various kinds.

For someone with more ambition than capital, a service business is ideal. The following list will give you a line on some of the most profitable operations of this type, and at the same time offer you a general pattern of procedure for other kinds of service businesses not mentioned.



BONDED BABY-SITTERS, INC.

Here's a service for which there is a steady demand. Result: the field has become crowded. Solution: find a fresh approach.

Since confidence is the key factor in a service where parents must trust their precious offspring to a stranger or near-stranger, Franklin Elias suggests creating an organization of "Bonded Baby-Sitters." The most modest of offices will suffice, or you can operate from your home.

You can build up a list of baby-sitters, via classified advertising and other means, fairly readily. For about \$200 a year, you can have 15 part-time employees bonded. Almost anyone can qualify for a bond. Those who can't would certainly not be wanted on your list.

Play up the "bonded" idea in soliciting customers. Call on families in the community, churches and the PTA. Check the birth announcements and follow them up about four months later. The added promotional plus of "Our Bond Is Your Protection" will give you all the competitive edge you need in what can develop into quite a profitable business over a period of time.



MESSENGERS, INC. Here, again, a newcomer with a fresh approach can get a foothold. The trick, Mr.

Elias suggests, is to make a study of the habits and needs of several dozen firms in a single neighborhood. You will find that some of them send a messenger to the bank every day, others have to make daily deliveries to several regular customers, and so on. Office and factory managers will be glad to give you this information if you explain you are trying to save them money.

Work out a series of routes enabling you to handle all of the deliveries with just a few messengers, make allowances for the fact that you're not going to get all the business you go after no matter how attractive your price—and then make your pitch. Your rate should be much lower than the cost of their own or a conventional outside delivery service.

Once you secure enough accounts to get started, hire the cheapest reasonably competent messengers you can find—and you're in business. This is one of the easiest service businesses to launch, requiring a capital of not more than \$2,000. You can use your house as an office to start.



BIRTHDAY PARTIES, INC.

If you have a movie projector and a bit of ingenuity, you are half way established as a professional organizer of children's birthday parties. Adding party favors and games, catering the food (on which you make a profit), supplying costumes, setting up an ice cream bar—

these are only a few of the many possible approaches.

Equally important is the compilation of a list of birthday dates for solicitation purposes. These can be secured from birth notices in back issues of newspapers, hospital lists, and the like. Diaper services, children's stores and other sources might sell you their lists at a reasonable price.

To get started, offer to stage a free party as a church or club raffle prize. This gets your service known and leads to word-of-mouth recommendations—and the recommendations of satisfied customers are the one factor that can make this, or any other service business, grow beyond your greatest expectations.



OFFICE-AWAY-FROM-HOME, INC. Businessmen with all the facilities of an office organization, including a bright secretary,

get spoiled very easily. When they leave home base and have to work out of a hotel room or a telephone booth, things are different. How they would welcome an office away from home—a place to hang their hat, the use of a dictaphone and a typist, telephone and message service, someone to supply information, run errands and forward mail.

They would be happy to pay a relatively generous fee in order to save a day or help put over a big deal. (It goes on the expense account, anyway.) While it would be necessary to invest in several months' rent for suitable quarters, plus some second-hand office furniture and equipment, the cost could be re-

couped in a relatively short time.

The service could be publicized by putting up signs in railroad and airline terminals, hotel lobbies and other strategic locations. Bell captains and hotel clerks could be given a commission on any clients they send. Out-of-town firms that regularly travel men in your city could be solicited by mail.

Soon firms would begin using your headquarters as a sort of out-of-town office; and, as the area of service expanded, your fees could increase accordingly. This is a new field, and one where one or two individuals could readily gain a foothold in any city from medium on up to metropolis.



SHIRT HOSPITAL, INC. If your town is big enough to support half a dozen haberdashery shops, it is big enough to need one or more shirt hospitals. Shops hate to lose sales because of inability to fit certain figures—and yet there are numerous customers whom no standard-make shirt will properly fit. The simplest thing is to take the customer's measurements and send the shirt to an outside agency to be altered before delivery.

This is a one-man-plus-one-seamstress business. All you need is a place to work, a sewing machine and a good seamstress. Fees add up not only from alterations but also for monogramming.

To find out if there is a need for such a service in your community, simply call on a few haberdashery shops. You will be surprised at how many are either looking for such a

service or interested in finding a more efficient one.

Once established, there are several areas of expansion. A "shirt hospital" sign in the window, plus a reasonable amount of promotion, will bring in business from those who want monogramming done, collars or cuffs turned or other repairs made. Laundries and dry cleaners will also send you business in return for a 20 per cent commission. Resist the temptation to handle other articles of apparel; specializing in shirts yields by far the best return.



TRADE-IN TRADE-UPS, INC. "Would You Spend \$10 to Make \$100?" With this slogan, you can make money in an off-beat but highly remunerative business. The day dawns when it is time to trade in or sell the old jalopy. Most men realize that an improvement in the appearance and performance of their car can mean an improvement of \$100 or more in the price they get for it. But they don't know how to achieve that happy result in a professional way.

Anyone who knows something about cars to start with can readily pick up the mechanic's tricks of the trade for putting a car's best wheel forward. This is a perfectly legitimate function.

The service would include an extra cleaning job on the exterior, thorough cleaning and repair of the upholstery, scouring or painting of whitewall tires, retouching rust spots on the chrome and tuning up the motor.

When a man decides to trade in or

sell his car, the first thing he does is to turn to the classified section to see the prices quoted for cars. A strategically placed ad with the headline—"Would You Spend \$10 to Make \$100?"—should attract all the business one man can handle.



CHORE-CUTS, INC. There may be nothing original about a home handyman service, but it is not difficult to give the homeowner an original memory peg on which to hang his awareness of your service. Actually, the demand so far exceeds the supply that a fresh twist is not really needed—but it always helps.

This service, of course, would include putting up and taking down storm windows and screens, taking care of lawns, minor electrical and repair work, minor outside painting, and the like.

The first step in getting started could be to single out the most run-down house with the worst-kept lawn. Offer to service this house at a bargain rate for one month. Everyone in the neighborhood will soon know there is an excellent new handyman around.

Another idea, suggests Mr. Elias, is to pass out a "Chore-Cut Scoreboard" to every home in the community. This will list various kinds of chores, with a place for a check mark opposite each one. Explain that all the homeowner need do is check off the things that require attention, and that you will call at regular intervals to take care of them.

Human nature being what it is, enough homeowners will find it so

much easier to make a check mark than do the job themselves that you will soon have more work than one man can handle. When that point is reached you hire an assistant—and you are no longer a handyman, having now become an entrepreneur.



CHILD DEPOSITORY, INC.

Operating a nursery school is big business. But there's a new and little traveled by-road that can lead to a highly profitable small business for two or three people. Without wanting to pay nursery school fees or committing themselves to a daily routine, many mothers would welcome a place where they could drop off their children, with assurance of good care, during the day.

This service calls for someone who is good with children. Select a residential neighborhood and, to avoid the burden of a heavy rental, seek someone who has a large house, perhaps a widow, who wants to earn extra money and who also likes to work with children. All that's needed in the way of facilities would be an enclosed lawn with jungle gym, a few swings and slides and a pleasant playroom with a few toys, large blocks, books and records.

Announcements and neighbor-

hood solicitation could soon start the ball rolling. Parents would be invited to drop off their children any time after 10 A.M., with the understanding that the children are to be picked up by or before 4 P.M. A hot lunch would be served.

Two adults could take care of the children quite readily until the "traffic" became heavy, at which point one or more assistants could be hired. Since this daytime service would not be competitive with an evening baby-sitting service, it would be possible to build up a clientele faster by exchanging lists of names with such a service in the same community.

New service businesses are being invented every day. The ones suggested here are just a cross-section. There are scores of others.

The main idea is to use the experience you have, team up if necessary with someone else who supplements your abilities, pick your field—and then try to find an ingenious approach that will gain you a foothold. Once established, hard work and a favoring wind should take care of the rest. Remember, as Franklin Elias points out, you will be rowing with the tide in the direction of one of America's big new money-making opportunities.

Capital Resignation

WILLIAM FAULKNER, novelist and Nobel Prize winner, once held the job of postmaster at the University of Mississippi. One day the Postmaster General received the following communique from Postmaster Faulkner: "As long as I live under the capitalist system, I expect to have my life influenced by the demands of moneyed people. But I will be damned if I propose to be at the beck and call of every itinerant scoundrel who has two cents to invest in a postage stamp. This, sir, is my resignation."

—MILTON WAYNE

To Grandfather's House

When the children—and their children—arrive for Turkey Day, bedlam flies through the window, and sweet domesticity lays an egg

by K. N. HARDIN

WHEN THANKSGIVING rolls around, it's over the highways and through the traffic to grandfather's house they come. Not that I object to being host at family dinner; you understand. If it has to be somewhere, I'd just as soon have it at our house. Because twice we tried having it at our married daughters' homes, and, frankly, I had indigestion both times.

The first time we ate with our newlywed younger daughter and her husband in their compact little apartment. She sat us on cushions tossed on the floor, and served us enchiladas.

It had been ten years since I could sit on the floor with any degree of comfort, and five years since I could digest enchiladas without a bicarbonate of soda chaser. And to top it all off, my dinner partner turned out to be my son-in-law's large boxer, who kept trying to steal my enchiladas as I ate from the coffee table. When I gave him an argument, he replied by blowing the contents of a nearby ash tray over onto my plate.

The next year our older daughter and her husband invited the entire family to their place for Thanksgiving.

"Dear, you'll go to too much trouble," my wife objected.

Eloise assured us that she wouldn't. And she didn't.

We had cold cuts, potato salad, congealed salad, assembly-line bread and soda pop. My congealed salad melted through two layers of paper plates and onto my absorbent tweed trousers, and I crumpled three paper forks before I finally escaped to the local cleaning establishment.

So you can easily understand why I don't object to having Thanksgiving dinner at our house, although, to be perfectly honest, it usually turns out to be a pretty hectic affair.

Take last Thanksgiving, for example. Our younger daughter and her husband and family arrived first. Then our older daughter and her pack next. However, it was quite some time before our son and his outfit got there. Because Boone—their two-year-old—took off his shoes and threw them out of the car window, and they had to turn around and go back and find them.

Then it started!

Little people darting here and there, the kitchen a bedlam, and women calling out at frequent intervals, "Watch the children!"

There was a momentary calm while everyone sat down to the table and I said grace, which turned out to be a duet featuring myself and my



five-year-old granddaughter, who knew quite a few rather lengthy blessings.

Ordinarily, when grace is said, people begin to eat. Not in our household. It's a signal for the feminine members to jump up and down from the table like puppets on a string. The biscuits have to be taken off the oven, the coffee has to be warmed, and vegetables have to be passed around. I complained once. But my wife informed me that only a butler and cook would remedy the situation, so I've kept quiet about it since.

The meal was fairly uneventful. Only four glasses of milk were turned over, which is about par for the course. There was a lengthy debate over whether Roger (my nine-year-old grandson) should be allowed to have a fourth serving of turkey and dressing. And while they were debating, Roger helped himself and polished it off before they decided.

When dinner was over, I tiptoed to my bedroom to sneak a nap, but just as I was turning the doorknob my younger daughter called out sharply, "Daddy! You can't go in *there!* I just put the baby down on your bed."

"Oh. I was just going to take a nap," I explained lamely.

"I guess you *could* sleep with him," my daughter said reluctantly.

I replied, "Thanks, but I've misplaced my World War I army helmet."

You see, I had the misfortune once of taking a nap with one of my grandbabies, and made the mistake of going to sleep before he did. But not for long. I got clobbered with a milk bottle.

"I'll just go upstairs," I told my daughter.

"Frank is putting the twins to sleep up there."

"How about the sewing room?" I asked hopefully.

"The cousins are cutting out paper dolls in there."

The only place left was the living room, where my 13-year-old grandson was playing bop records. It was pretty noisy but I went in there and was moodily puffing on a cigar when my wife signaled from the kitchen. "Psssst! Put out that cigar! You *know* Eloise is pregnant and cigar smoke makes her sick!"

Well, that did it! I put on my overcoat and hat, and stalked out to the patio—which was colder than I expected. I bravely stuck it out for half an hour. But nobody noticed I was gone, so I finally went in and discovered that naps were over and

everything was in full swing again.

There was a football game on TV in the television room, and a family singing group in the living room. I went in and listened to the singing for awhile, but Roger threw up right in the middle of "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton," and that broke up the musical interlude.

I considered it a rather propitious moment for everyone to take his leave, but my younger daughter was busily organizing a game of charades.

The game was especially entertaining to the grandchildren. Particularly when my son rolled on the floor in a valiant attempt to convey "The Wreck of the Hesperus" to his team. The younger grandchildren got down on the floor and rolled with him, and my 13-year-old grandson called out, "Dead dog! Dead dog!"

And then it was time to go. But leave-taking is a pretty involved thing with my family.

First, all the snowsuits had to be sorted and assembled. Then the diaper bags had to be packed. And no one travels heavier than my grandchildren. They bring with them a mountainous assortment of toys, blankets, pillows and stuffed animals that have to be located the last moment. And one little five-year-old packs a tiny steamer trunk that has to go through customs before we allow her to leave. For she sometimes empties out *her* treasures and fills it

full of stuff picked up around the house.

It is a remarkable thing to see my children assemble their children and herd them into their respective automobiles. How they end up with the right ones is a mystery to me!

My older daughter called out that we could have Christmas dinner at her house, and she wouldn't go to a bit of trouble. And I called back that if it was all the same to her, we'd just have it at our house.

And then it was quiet. Of course, the ash trays were full to overflowing and the pictures on the wall were askew, but it was *quiet!*

I wearily stretched out on my bed, ignoring the fact that the mattress had been thoroughly dampened by its former occupant.

But after my children and grandchildren had been gone for a little while a strange feeling came over me. Now, mind you, I'm not one to indulge in maudlin sentimentality. But, you know, the kids *were* cute rolling on the floor during "The Wreck of the Hesperus." And as for Roger throwing up on the living room wallpaper—well, I never really cared much for that wallpaper anyhow.

I turned to my wife, who was propped up in bed with a cold towel on her head, and said, "Dear, that's a great bunch of kids we have. We should ask them over to dinner more often."



Cartoon Quote



YOUNG LADY telling another about her boyfriend: "It was so strange the way we met. We were introduced."

—A. M. A. Journal

She Predicts What Your Baby Will Be Like

by ANNE FROMER



"**D**R. WALKER, tell us— will our children be normal?" The young couple who asked this question were as handsome and healthy a pair as Dr. Norma Ford Walker had ever seen. "We're planning to be married soon, and we've come to see you because we promised our mothers we would. They're sisters, and they still have that old-fashioned idea that cousins shouldn't marry."

As a leading authority on heredity, Dr. Walker's office in Toronto's famed Hospital for Sick Children is sought out not only by cousins, but by an increasing variety of couples eager for parenthood but apprehensive over some real or imagined flaw in their mental or physical backgrounds.

They come to 60-year-old Dr. Walker because she is a pioneer in the newest, the smallest—but undoubtedly one of the most significant—sciences concerned with human health and well-being. She is one of a handful of 20 heredity counselors on this continent. These specialists' concern is with the fact that some 500 mental and physical defects and abnormalities that can beset a human being from birth are due to the innocent fact that he has been born of his particular parents.

Genetic counsellors are on the threshold of what might well be a new era in preventive medicine. For a successful case of heredity counseling has the far-reaching and multiple effect that it guides parents from personal tragedy and exchanges children doomed to suffering for sound, healthy human beings.

For example, to those young

cousins waiting so eagerly for reinsurance, Dr. Walker said quietly, "I'm afraid that the idea about vague dangers in cousins marrying was old-fashioned simply because it did not go far enough."

Genetic science now knows that people of close blood lines are likely to possess similar genes and therefore to multiply the influence of the harmful ones. This results in the children of cousins being far more prone to a variety of diseases and defects.

Although cousin marriages add up to only a small fraction of all marriages, no fewer than 20 per cent of albinos—persons deficient in skin and hair coloring—are born to cousins. Alkaptonuria, a defect of metabolism, affects only one child in a million—but every third victim is the offspring of cousin marriages.

Dr. Walker makes a point of never saying directly to couples, "You must not have children." She simply presents the facts.

THE facts are particularly revealing when they must be laid before the ever-growing number of men and women who approach parenthood comparatively late in life. The danger here lies in the fact that the genes which are the essential ingredient of heredity, although they normally follow an inexorable pattern, nevertheless are subject to that inevitable process—old age. "It is," Dr. Walker explains, "as if the individual as he grows older simply comes to make poorer and poorer carbon copies of the genes he bequeaths to his children. These degenerate genes are called mutations."

Only two other rare factors are thought to bring about gene mutations—exposure to chemical poisons or atomic radiation.

A survey by the University of Pennsylvania involving more than 500 families revealed that those mothers who were under 30 years of age when they bore their children had only one defective birth in 100. Thereafter, the ratio of defective children to older parents climbed steadily. In the age group between 45 and 49, three times more defective children were born than in the under-29 group.

Because mutated genes themselves become fixed, it means the launching of future generations carrying this same defect.

Heredity counsellors recently shared a study of patients who belong to one of the most widespread and best-known American family trees of such inherited disease. This family tree's existence was first hinted at in a survey of persons suffering from Huntington's Chorea. This condition, sometimes called St. Vitus Dance, is a degenerative disease of the central nervous system which usually strikes persons in their 30s or 40s.

A researcher, charting the background of her patients, noted a vague similarity between several. When this direction was pursued specifically, an amazing pattern began to form. Finally, the ancestry of no fewer than 962 of the victims was traced back to three brothers who in the 17th century emigrated from England to America.

At the instant of conception, Dr. Walker explains, every human being

receives his or her full lifetime array of genes. An integral part of the male sperm cell and the female egg cell are chromosomes, which consist of microscopic bead-like strings—each bead of which is a gene.

Mother and father each contributes 24 chromosomes, which unite to form the first single cell of life in the mother's womb. This single cell contains approximately 25,000 pairs of genes, one of each from either parent. These pairs of genes, working together—or against each other—decide everything basic that the new person is going to be, physically and mentally.

That first cell divides and reduplicates until it has created all the millions of cells that constitute a human being—his hair, skin, skeleton, organs and flesh.

When a doting maiden aunt exclaims that the new baby has "his father's dark eyes and his mother's straight nose," she is talking about genes without knowing, probably, that the reason is that some genes in each pair are dominant, others recessive. The dark-eye gene, for example, dominates the blue-eye gene. So if a black-eyed girl marries a blue-eyed man, their children are more likely to be dark-eyed.

Unfortunately, certain genes—significantly called black genes—have the power to transmit a wide variety of human defects and diseases. Like the benevolent genes which determine one's appearance, these black genes may be either dominant or recessive. But, following their own immutable patterns, they are responsible for a catalog of human disorders that include skin con-

ditions, eye abnormalities and skeletal defects.

Among the disabilities they transmit from parent to child are diabetes, harelip and cleft palate, childhood muscular dystrophy, celiac disease, hemophilia, some forms of anemia, ataxia and gout. Less serious, but defects none the less, are color blindness and baldness.

The diseases caused by the recessive group of genes may strike without warning after skipping members of a family or even generations. Like the dominants, the recessives are passed on continuously from parents but the recipient may either suffer from the gene's effects or be merely a carrier.

The heredity counsellor's role is not only to give predictions and reassurance where possible but, by authoritatively presenting the true picture of the pattern of inheritance of recessive genes, to eliminate feelings of guilt or mutual recrimination between the parents concerned—and to allay fears which immediately arise in a wide circle of relatives.

One couple was beside themselves with worry when they came to Dr. Walker. The wife was an attractive girl, despite a faint scar as the result of a corrected harelip.

"My mother died when I was born," she explained. "My older brother was normal, my father was sure there was no harelip in his family—and my mother had never mentioned such a thing in her connection. So our family doctor decided that this"—she touched the scar lightly—"was just an accident."

Dr. Walker nodded. Harelip, in addition to being inherited, in some

cases may be caused by an accidental disturbance of development in the very young embryo.

"My brother married two years ago, and I less than a year later," the agitated wife continued. "Last week my brother's wife had a baby—with a harelip and cleft palate. We're not having a baby—but we were hoping for one. Now, well, dare we do it?"

Dr. Walker explained that the complex hereditary factors involving harelip were not yet fully understood, but that accurate statistics were available on the incidence of this recessive gene defect. After questioning the couple, tracing their family histories and working out several formulae she was able to say, "We can predict that in a case like yours, with your family background, there is only one chance out of 50

that your child would be affected."

A year later, the wife telephoned Dr. Walker. "I'm at the hospital. Twin girls—and they're both wonderfully normal. That one-to-50 luck was on our side—in both cases."

Thus hereditary counselling offers positive and highly beneficial knowledge to those who seek it.

How can the average couple, plagued with fears about their fitness for parenthood, take advantage of this new medical science? The best answer considering the expanding but still-limited facilities available is this, says Dr. Walker: "Consult your own physician. He will examine the facts and, if further consultation is necessary, he will know best how to put you in touch with the nearest hereditary counselling authority."

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This is Orazio, age 7, one of three children. They live in a depressed area, a medieval village 25 miles from Rome. The mother is ill. The father works little, for there is much unemployment. He finds work 30 days a year, during the olive-picking season. They own a tiny plot of land which yields 2 sacks of barley a year. Home is a kitchen and one room, a table, 4 chairs and two broken beds with insufficient bedding. The walls are damp, the floor broken. The parents look with anguish on their anemic children whom they cannot feed or clothe. Orazio knows only unappeased hunger, cold and discomfort. His sad eyes in his freckled face tell a story of deep misery. Although Orazio

never owned a toy, he does not dream of one . . . he dreams instead of a car in which he can drive far, far away from his miserable town. Help to Orazio means help to this family, hope instead of despair . . . a chance to live . . . a bulwark against destructive ideologies. Won't you help Orazio and his weary parents or other distressed children . . . many without one or both parents?

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a doctor reports on the effects of diet on

FERTILITY

POTENCY

PERSONALITY

by WILLIAM KAUFMAN, M.D.

INCLUDED in the folklore of almost every nation are food recipes for increasing attractiveness, fertility and sexual vigor. Such recipes exalt ingredients like eggs, fish, seafood (particularly oysters), red meat, sharp cheese, pepper, stout, onions, garlic and salt as sexual stimulants.

Is there any scientific basis for these fables? Surprisingly, in many instances the answer is "yes."

For example, a man may develop (often without being aware of it) a dietary lack in high quality protein, iron, iodine, vitamin C, B-complex, etc. Some of the above foods contain them, and by adding them to his daily diet the man may just as unwittingly correct his nutritional deficiencies and thereby enjoy better health and improved sex function. This undoubtedly happened many times through the centuries, and is probably the genesis of so many

superstitions regarding the relationship between food and vigor.

However, over and above their very real nutritional value, any sex magic attributable to high protein foods—or any other—is mainly psychological. *For those who truly believe it*, it may seem that "Oysters make men more potent, and women more womanly."

The converse is also true. I know a man who temporarily loses all affection for his wife if she serves him beets, and a woman who has a similar reaction if she has to cook liver for her husband. Each of these reactions stems from frightening, unconscious fantasies about sexual implications connected with the specific food.

There is a common belief that saltpeter (potassium nitrate) inhibits sexual activity. Actually, the amount ordinarily used in preserving

meat and improving its color has no such effect. Yet the belief in salt-peter's efficacy is so great that the mere suggestion that it was in the food they ate has been known to rob both men and women of all sex desire.

On the other hand, spices and seasonings have acquired an unwarranted reputation for increasing sexual drive. What they really do is cause urethral irritation in some individuals. This leads them to indulge more frequently in sexual relations in an attempt to obtain relief from this unpleasant sensation. With most individuals, however, this same urethral discomfort blocks all thoughts of sex.

Dietary fads can do the same thing. Almost every summer, I see this in patients who suddenly stop eating sensibly—and begin eating "lightly." Typical was one I'll call Herbert Mason, a tall, muscular 35-year-old advertising executive. He concentrated on salad greens plus low-caloric iced beverages in the belief that it would help him keep cool.

At the end of a week he experienced the pepping-up reaction of the initial stages of protein deficiency; but after three weeks he became tired, irritable and depressed, and noticed a lack of sex desire. At first, he blamed his symptoms on the hot weather. Then he realized something was wrong and came to me, suggesting that he probably needed some injections of male hormone. I prescribed a well-balanced diet instead, and he made full recovery in eight weeks.

According to the latest researches, the sex act creates an enormous

change in bodily physiology for a short period: Breathing speeds up to triple normal function; the heart rate more than doubles; energy utilization skyrockets. Food is the only source for the renewal of all this energy. Yet there is no specific "sex food"—as far as we know—and no one "sex vitamin" that will do this.

We do not know exactly why the chemical molecules in certain foods may add sex luster to one individual and not to another. But we do know that the right kind of diet improves cellular structure, retards aging, helps endocrine glands secrete maximum amounts of beneficial hormones—and thus sets the physiological basis for optimal sex function. When there are no psychological barriers, proper diet can also contribute to making a man or woman more fertile.

By the same token, malnutrition and semi-starvation do not affect all individuals equally. For example, in underprivileged countries, where hunger is often constant, both the sex drive and fertility, while generally impaired, are still active enough to overpopulate the land.

One of the most thoroughgoing studies of the effects of food on men was made at the University of Minnesota during World War II. Thirty-two young conscientious objectors, mentally and physically healthy, voluntarily completed the experiments. For 12 weeks they lived on a normal diet, then for 24 weeks they underwent semi-starvation. This was followed by 12 weeks of restricted rehabilitation.

During their ordeal, the volunteers existed mainly on whole wheat

bread, potatoes, cereals, turnips and cabbage. Only token amounts of dairy products and meat were provided, for a total of 1,570 calories a day.

The reduced rations caused loss of sex interest and profound physical changes bordering on sterility. This trend was reversed when the men once more had a normal, unlimited diet. However, the emotional and psychological aspects of sex life were slower to return to normal than were the physical.

Much of the impetus for what we regard as "being masculine" is provided by the secretion of adequate amounts of male sex hormones by the adrenal gland cortex (17-keto steroid) and the testicles (androgens). In one study, four days of starvation decreased these secretions in healthy men by 50 per cent. It took a full week of proper eating to restore the balance.

IN THE MATTER of male fertility, overeating — and subsequent obesity—is just as detrimental as undernourishment, according to Drs. S. J. Glass and Murray Russell, of the Sterility Clinic of the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital, Los Angeles.

The same is true with women, for obesity may interfere with normal ovarian function. Drs. S. Charles Freed and William S. Kroger found that overweight women, who are otherwise healthy, can greatly improve their chances of conceiving by getting their weight back to normal. So, too, may markedly underweight women.

But even when a person is *not malnourished calorically*, he may

suffer sexual inadequacy because of vitamin deficiency.

Dr. Morton S. Biskind has confirmed the fact that deficiencies in the B-complex group impaired liver function in some patients, and that this was frequently associated with decreased libido and potency. In 62 out of 76 of his patients, good nutritional therapy alleviated these conditions. Drs. Glass and Russell also report that treatment with diet, liver and vitamins restored normal fertility to a number of men.

In apparently healthy people *hidden nutritional deficiencies* may be far more common than we think. Scientific studies show that many persons make a faulty choice of food and that this may be one of the reasons so many suffer marginal health and a diminished capacity for normal sex life.

Provided that the individual is not allergic to specific foods mentioned below, the minimal daily diet should include: one pint of milk; one or two servings of meat, poultry or fish; one egg; six slices of enriched or whole wheat bread; one serving of citrus fruit in addition to a serving of other fresh fruits; and two servings of green or yellow vegetables. Glandular foods such as liver should be eaten at least once a week, and fish or seafood at least twice a week.

In a roundabout way, food enters the picture for many individuals who dread having normal sex feelings and desires. For example, some girls secretly fear womanhood and the eventual responsibilities of marriage and motherhood. And they unconsciously choose the food route in order to make their permanent escape.

By overeating, they strive to become so fat that they will be physically repulsive to men. Dieting for them is usually futile. Not until such a girl can resolve her deep-seated emotional problems satisfactorily can she lose weight and find physical happiness with a man of her choice.

Then there is the girl who starves herself into emaciation and sexual unattractiveness and develops what is called anorexia nervosa. This is not just a nervous loss of appetite. It degenerates into a positive hatred of all food. Here again psychiatric treatment may prove beneficial.

Men, too, may seek escape from sexual responsibilities through deliberate semi-starvation or excessive eating. Many greatly overweight men unconsciously substitute satisfaction from food for the gratification they should receive from sexual relations.

Marital incompatibility can have the same effect. A husband who is repeatedly spurned by his wife may find solace in eating. Eventually he may become so conditioned that whenever he experiences the normal marital sex urge, he immediately goes into the kitchen and eats until his love impulse leaves him. He often becomes sexually defunct before he has gained a great deal of weight.

It sometimes happens that a woman who cannot give her husband the love he needs tries to make up for her deficiency by over-feeding him with

rich foods. Without realizing it, she may fatten him into impotence. At the same time, she may eat herself into unattractive bulk as well. Or, conversely, she may unconsciously starve herself to make her husband more tender and protective—yet less demanding physically.

Sooner or later, nearly every overweight person tries mightily to reduce. But a crash diet is in essence a semi-starvation diet; and the individual who tries it for a prolonged period may experience a "semi-starvation neurosis." This consists of increased irritability, depression and restlessness. And, on occasion, a decrease in sex desire and ability.

These symptoms drive many people off their weight-reduction programs, which is unfortunate. For the unpleasant reactions are only temporary. The rewards eventually are better health and often greatly improved sexual function.

All of which adds up to these basic facts: Physical compatibility is most likely in healthy people. A well-balanced diet generally keeps people in good health—and helps restore those who are ill to better health. Diet improves sexual ability, fertility and physical magnetism only to the degree that it makes the individual become more normal nutritionally. For sex is a subtle blending of physical, spiritual and psychic factors. It is nourished principally by the emotions, and only obliquely by what and how we eat.

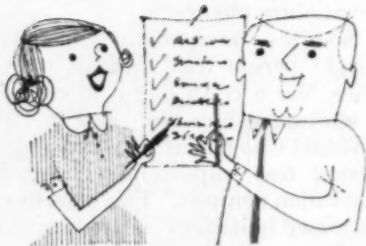


A PSYCHIATRIST RECENTLY received a card from a patient wintering at a Florida resort reading: "Am having a wonderful time. *Why?*"

—HARRY HERSHFIELD

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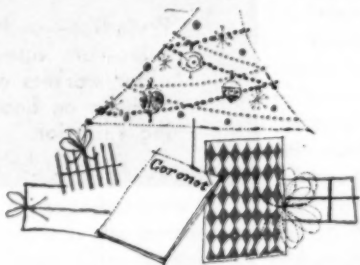
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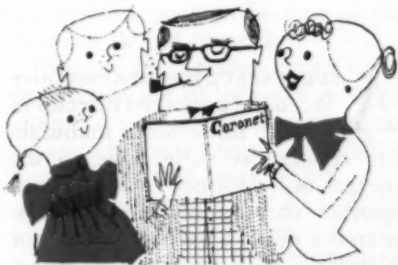
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USE THE CONVENIENT GIFT ORDER FORM NEXT TO PAGE 106

Are We Junking Our Mature Brains?

Prejudice—and rigid pension-plan rules—are dumping thousands of older workers on the scrap heap. Here is an analysis of the shocking situation . . . and a solution

by SAM CROWTHER

A SUCCESSFUL business executive faced the personnel director of a large midwestern manufacturing concern recently. Due to the merger of his former company with another corporation, the businessman was out of a job and looking for a suitable executive position somewhere in the \$25,000 to \$30,000 income bracket.

After he had detailed his exceptional employment background, the personnel director smiled. "You're just the man we're looking for. By

the way, you didn't mention your age."

"I'm 47."

The personnel director shook his head slowly. "Oh . . . that changes the situation. I'm afraid we can't use you."

"May I ask why?" the businessman said.

He got this blunt three-word answer: "You're too old."

Unfortunately, this situation is typical, not unusual. And it is serious. For official figures show that

today some of the nation's best brains are being tossed on the economic scrap heap—not at 65, not at 55, but at 45 and lower—because they are classed as “too old.”

Secretary of Labor James P. Mitchell stated recently: “Our research shows that men after 45 and women after 35 are finding their futures blocked by arbitrary age restrictions placed on them by employers. There is no national asset more important than the know-how of our experienced workers. Yet this enormous pool of skilled labor is being decimated when they are most needed.”

The Iron Curtain of job opportunity has dropped on all levels of employment—from the \$65-a-week clerk to the \$100,000-a-year corporation executive. In many industries, 45 has become the end of the road for an experienced man who is unemployed or is looking for another job, authorities declare.

Help Wanted ads in the newspapers tell the story:

Machinist: \$125 per week. Age to 40.

Researcher in atomic projects: \$8,500. 25 to 35.

Automotive executive: Must be top notch. \$9,000. Age to 35.

One applicant remarked wryly, “They want somebody 35 with 30 years of experience.”

Employers give these most common reasons for not hiring older workers:

Poorer productivity with resulting increased production costs. All studies, however, indicate the contrary. In a review of 3,000 firms throughout the country it was found

that 72 per cent of the mature workers were either equal to or more efficient than the younger group.

Greater absenteeism. Yet a study by the Bureau of Labor Statistics of 16,500 men in 109 concerns showed that the mature workers possessed a 20 per cent better attendance record.

Accident proneness. In spite of claims that older workers are more susceptible to injuries, the highest accident rate is among workers under 21. A study of 17,800 workers by the Bureau of Labor Statistics showed that workers over 45 had 2.5 per cent fewer disabling injuries than those under 45.

Lower dependability. However, the long experience of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union points up in dramatic form the value and stability of older workers. The coat and suit division of the garment industry is largely staffed by workers over 45 with a large percentage between 60 and 65. Nevertheless, the needle industry in New York City, in spite of competition from other areas, has retained its competitive position because of the superior skill of its workers.

But the chief reason given today for not hiring older workers is an outgrowth of the tremendous expansion of the pension system. (Statistics show that some 30,000 companies are spending over \$5,000,000-000 a year on pension plans.)

Pension costs are figured in much the same way as life insurance: the premium increases as the individual protected grows older. Group-wise, this means that the lower the average age, the less the pension plan will cost the employer. Consequent-

ly, companies setting up such plans prefer a preponderance of those covered to be young men or women who will accrue their benefits after a long period. As a result, many companies discriminate against older workers simply to keep these pension costs down. It's as simple as that.

Lee W. Minton, international president of the AFL-CIO Glass Bottle Blowers Association of the United States and Canada, points out that pensions "tie a worker to his job until he is too old to get another." The reason being that the plans carry no "vesting" interest whereby the worker can take with him monies which have already been credited to his account and hence keep his premium costs at the same level with a new employer.

OUR OVER-AGE situation is bad enough today. But unless effective action is taken, and soon, it is going to get progressively worse. U. S. Bureau of Census statistics show that the age group of 45 and over has been increasing more rapidly than the total population. In 1900, there were 13,500,000 people of 45 and over. In 1950, there were 42,905,000; and by 1975 it is estimated there will be 64,000,000. This means that under the present absurd practices over one-third of all Americans now living will be unemployable in 20 years.

How, then, can business and industry be persuaded to revise their views on the hiring of mature workers? They want to work, and have much to give. A study by Consolidated Edison of New York of its employees qualified for retirement

but able to continue to work revealed that 60 per cent elected to stay at their jobs.

The Iron Curtain against men and women past 40 is being attacked on a number of fronts. As a solution to the pension roadblock, business and labor groups have endorsed "portable" pension plans whereby a worker who is covered can seek other employment without forfeiting his claim. He would carry his pension rights already earned with him.

The International Ladies Garment Workers Union has such a plan whereby its 445,093 members covered by employer financed retirement plans can move from one city to another without impairing their pension rights.

G. Warfield Hobbs, vice-president of the First National City Bank of New York, points out that with "portable" pensions "management won't mind hiring older workers."

In recent years, a unique organization known as the Forty Plus Club has grown up to attack age discrimination on the local level. It is a cooperative, nonprofit organization of mature men who work without compensation to find jobs for each other. They share expenses. And their work in convincing employers that there is no substitute for experience and know-how has been so successful that the plan has spread to seven cities in the U.S.

Club members—the average age is 55—contact business concerns daily, mail out brochures and address civic groups. As soon as one member finds a job, he is replaced by another trained to take his place. The New York branch of the club, now in its

16th year, has found jobs for over 3,500 men.

Members tell of one 45-year-old unemployed engineer who came to the club as a last resort. He had paid hundreds of dollars for employment counsel with no results. He was put to work selling the club idea to top-management executives. In the space of a few months, he found that he had a latent gift for salesmanship. Today, he has become a highly successful sales engineer.

A unique program to make use of thousands of retired college professors was recently launched by the University of California after a staff member, Dr. Constantine Panunzio, made a survey of 7,000 retired professors throughout the country. He found widespread dissatisfaction, with some of the men reporting that they were receiving as little as \$35 a month.

"You would have thought an avalanche had struck," was the way Dr. Panunzio characterized the response.

On the state level, the New York Legislature has set up a Committee of the Aging to work directly with business and industry to break down barriers on the hiring of older workers. Minority Leader Eugene Bannigan, who favored a program aimed at benefiting older workers, states: "It is not generally realized how critical this situation has become. Try and get a job after 35 or 40. See what you run into. Experienced and capable people are being

denied job opportunities because of an incredibly short-sighted policy on the part of industry."

Nation-wide, Secretary of Labor Mitchell has launched a six-point "Bill of Rights" program to benefit the older worker. Its recommendations include:

1. A guarantee that workers be selected on the basis of qualifications for the job, regardless of age.
2. That workers reaching retirement be permitted to continue working if they wish, provided that they are able to perform satisfactory work.

3. A complete analysis, incorporating local studies, on the performance, productivity, absenteeism and faithfulness of older workers. ("Businessmen are not going to hire older workers for sentimental reasons," Mitchell points out.)

4. Incorporation of clauses against age discrimination in collective bargaining contracts.

5. Expansion of Government placement services for older workers. (In a study in New York, it was found that intensive job solicitation could more than double the over-45 workers placed in jobs.)

6. Tapping the vast resources of mature women to meet pressing job shortages, such as those that have arisen in the nursing and the teaching fields.

Secretary Mitchell has already set an example in the Government by hiring older workers in his own department. Recently, he took on 109

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investigators to enforce the provisions of the Fair Labor Standards Act. Of this special group 59, or more than half, are over 40; 21 are over 50.

In Congress, a bill has been introduced by Representative Sid Yates of Illinois to establish a "Bureau of Older Persons" in the Government.

Perhaps a tax reduction arrangement could be devised as an incentive to the hiring of those 45 or over.

In the case of pension costs, measures must be taken on a broad scale in order to remove the present hiring barriers. A Congressional investigation might be a triggering action that would get the full impact of the situation before the American public.

In any case, by permitting the present arbitrary division between

young and old to remain, we have left the way wide open for a potentially explosive political issue to arise.

Most of us still remember the Townsend Plan and the California pension plan known as "Ham 'n' Eggs" or "\$30 every Thursday." A revival of a movement similar to these would find a reception in direct proportion to the increasing number of those of us who now or later are destined to hear the crushing words of an employer: "Sorry, you are too old."

President Eisenhower summed the situation up in a comment which he made following his Labor Day message to Congress a year ago last fall. "If we don't do something about the older workers in our country, there is going to be a revolution of older workers—and I will be among them."

Connectogram

(Answers to puzzle on page 60)

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. This land is his island. | 7. His story is history. |
| 2. Some men enjoy oysters. | 8. Get the men the menu. |
| 3. All ladies sat at a table. | 9. Just then the hen enters. |
| 4. That heat at the theatre reaches each chest. | 10. This salon is his alone. |
| 5. His still is still illicit. | 11. With the heat he eats oatmeal at meals also. |
| 6. An anteater ate a termite. | 12. The hero rode the rodeo ox. |

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Silver Linings

ON A WARM DAY recently, a very small ragged boy holding a large broom knocked at our door. He asked my husband if he would like to have the sidewalk swept. My husband asked the enterprising young businessman how much he would charge for the job. The small boy replied it would be a dollar.

"A dollar!" exclaimed my husband, looking at the 10 feet of sidewalk leading to the door.

Looking up at him the little boy answered timidly, "Or a nickel or a dime or a penny?"

He got the job for a dollar.

—DOROTHY TUITT (*Christian Science Monitor*)

LAST SUMMER, to earn money for college, I drove an ice cream truck through a Long Island town overflowing with small children. I soon learned to drive right by the two-year-olds who always stopped the truck but never had any money. One little boy, however, waited for me loyally. Every day he stood in the same spot waving me down and every day I drove right by him. This went on for several weeks, and then one day I noticed him standing in the midst of a group of older children. When I left the truck I saw that the little boy was clutching a dime in his hand. Feeling guilty for having passed him by so often, I bent over and asked him what he wanted. He looked at me very seriously and said, "Wait on the little ones first."

That day I gave away my first free ice cream.

—PAUL PORTAL

A SHORT TIME after moving to a farm home in Missouri, I let a trash fire get out of control and it spread to a neighboring farmer's field. Before being brought under control, it destroyed the field, a haystack, a rubber-tired farm wagon, several fence posts, and a good-sized wood-pile.

Distraught and almost in tears, I went to the farmer and offered to make amends in whatever way I could.

The kindly old man, realizing my state, reassured me, as he surveyed the damage, that it could have been worse. "I was plannin' to burn off this field for spring plantin' anyhow," he explained, "so let's just say that I didn't aim to be so thorough."

—MARTHA MC GRATH

IT WAS ON Christmas Eve that a large troop transport docked at New York. Among the returning GIs was one young soldier who hadn't seen his bride in over three years.

He was happy at the prospect of their reunion, but he was worried, too, for he hadn't had time to buy her a Christmas present. What was he to do? All during the trip home he kept asking himself that question.

Then, as he neared his destination, the solution came to him. As

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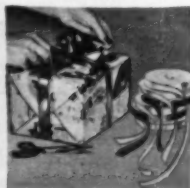
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(Continued on next page)

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Silver Linings continued

soon as he got off the train, he rushed into a drugstore and bought a small gift-tag and a big red ribbon. Tying both card and ribbon to his uniform he set off to meet his bride.

On the card he had written: "This is the best I could do—from Joe to Mary—Merry Christmas."

—JAMES KELLER (Just For Today)
Doubleday & Co., Inc.

WHILE ON VACATION last summer, I was riding a bus through the rural countryside of Virginia. It was one of those old-fashioned rattly buses that wind their way slowly through the hills from one small town to another. I was sitting quietly looking out the window when a very old, shabbily dressed farmer climbed aboard carrying an enormous bouquet of spring flowers. Struck by the contrast between the old man's appearance and the beau-

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These 3-D Christmas Decorations are attractive over the doorways, in the windows or on the tree itself. Set of star, snowflake, wreath, deer, Christmas Tree, candle, Santa Claus, 2 angels, candy cane, Nativity scene and "Merry Christmas" in block letters. 14 pieces \$1.00 postpaid. S. Radin, Post Office Box 36632, Los Angeles, California.

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tiful flowers, I couldn't help staring at him. Finally, he turned to me, "You like flowers?" he asked. Embarrassed, I nodded my head and turned away. "You're traveling alone," he said slowly, "and you like flowers. Here, take these," he went on, thrusting the bouquet at me. I protested, but he pressed the flowers into my arms. Then rising to leave he said, "My wife would want you to have them. I'll explain to her." With that the bus stopped, the old man climbed off, and I sat there holding the flowers as he walked slowly up the path to a tiny roadside cemetery.

—NANCY NEWMAN

Do you know a true story or anecdote that lifts your spirits and renews your faith in mankind? For each such item accepted for our column, "Silver Linings," we will pay \$50 upon publication. Contributions may run up to 250 words. Manuscripts should be typed double-spaced and none can be acknowledged or returned. Address manuscripts to: "Silver Linings," Coronet Magazine, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

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ALONG MAIN STREET

A STORY is told in Mississippi about an ardent temperance leader who registered at a Jackson hotel the night before a legislative session began.

Being an exacting man, he cautioned a veteran bellhop, "Be careful with that suitcase."

"Senator," beamed the bellhop, "I've been totin' 'em in for you legislators twenty years, an' I ain't broke a bottle yet."

—Wall Street Journal

IN THE DAYS BEFORE oil was discovered in western Texas, a man stopped one night at a dry ranch. As he sized up the place, he became more and more puzzled as to how it paid its way. At last he asked the owner, "How in the world do you

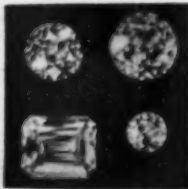
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manage to make a go of it here?"

Pointing a finger at a man lolling on the doorstep, the owner replied, "You see that feller there? He's the hired man. He works for me, an' I can't pay 'im. In two years he gits the ranch. Then I work for 'im 'til I git it back."

—Sunshine

WHEN his parishioners repeatedly ignored the "No Parking" sign out in front of the church, an Indiana priest solved the problem simply and effectively.

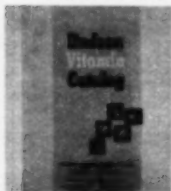
He replaced the "No Parking" sign with one that read—"Thou Shalt Not Park."

—E. D. BLACK

A MARYLAND WOMAN, concerned over the effect of television cowboy movies on her youngsters, writes:

"The other day I drove through a red light at a busy intersection and was handed my first traffic ticket. My three-year-old son watched the

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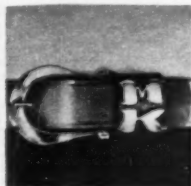
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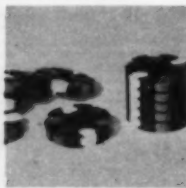
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ALONG MAIN STREET *continued*

officer in growing excitement, and finally inquired, "Mommy, why don't you shoot it out with him?"

—Panorama

A TOURIST stopping for gas in an extremely small New England town started a conversation with an old native who lounged nearby.

"You don't mean to tell me you've lived in this out-of-the-way place for 50 years?" asked the surprised tourist.

"That's right."

"But," insisted the tourist, "I can't see what you can find to keep you busy around here."

"Neither can I," was the reply. "That's why I like it!"

—DAN BENNETT (Quote)

MY MOTHER is a delightfully naive person who never fully understands anything mechanical or scientific. When daylight saving time was

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first introduced and everyone was talking about it, Mother was asked what she thought of the new idea. After pondering for a moment she replied casually, "Oh I don't think I'll bother with it." —MRS. MARIE HANKINS

AT IRED TEXAN drove up in front of his home, stumbled out of his auto and into the arms of his solicitous wife, gasping: "Oh, boy, is it hot! I thought I'd never get out of that car."

Surprised, his wife asked why on earth hadn't he rolled down the windows. "What," he shouted, "and let people know we don't have an air-conditioned car?" —FRANK FORDE

IN A SMALL midwestern town there's a man named Ed who always takes the optimistic view. Comes tornado, flood or fire, he spits tobacco juice and says, "Well, it could have been worse."

One day two town loafers, Tim-

CLEAR HAVANA CIGARS



Tampa Irregulars. Try them at our expense. Quality Clear Havana, worth much more. Slight imperfections which are guaranteed to in no way impair the original smoking quality, enable us to sell at this low price. They must suit or return for full refund, the cigars smoked will cost you nothing. \$4.75 box of 50. John Surrey, Ltd., 11 W. 32nd St., New York 11, N. Y.

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Keeps delicate apparel fresh, lovely and protected from dust. Crystal clear polystyrene. 15" x 11" by 6". Contents can be seen at a glance. Holds a dozen sweaters, blouses, slips, etc. or several knitted suits. Fits on closet shelf. Ideal for off season storage. \$5.95 ppd. No COD's. National Hanger Co., Dept. C10, 15 W. 18th St., New York 11, N. Y.



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FOR PEOPLE 60 TO 80



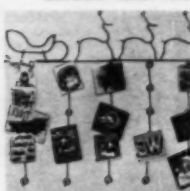
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SHOW OFF YOUR XMAS CARDS!



Here's Santa's "Reindeer Express"—all set to hold up your prettiest Christmas cards! Make them part of the decorations. Flatters the senders! 40" long over-all. Gold-flecked black wrought iron. Has 6 wrought iron hook-on rods to show off 144 cards. \$2 ppd. Max Schling Seeds-men, Dept. 619, 538 Madison Ave., New York 22, New York.

NATIONAL BRANDS 40%-70% OFF

Free Catalog describes 600 famous brands at amazing discounts direct to you by mail. Save up to 70% off regular price. Shop at home with giant 60-p. Color Catalog of giftware, jewelry, appliances, & nationally advertised products. Send 25c for handling, refundable on first order. Merchandise shipped in 24 hours. World Wide Industries, Dept. T, 123 Mercer St., N. Y. C.



ALONG MAIN STREET *continued*

othy and John, cooked up a gruesome story about a certain farmer and Timothy bet John \$5.00 that the optimist could find absolutely no ray of sunshine in it.

"Something terrible just happened out at Wiley's farm," Tim told Ed. "Wiley came home and found the hired man tryin' to make love to his wife. He went berserk, shot the hired man, shot his wife and set the house afire. The fire got out of control, burned his barn and chicken house and set fire to his crops. The poor devil finally shot himself. Wasn't that terrible?"

"Pfft. Could have been worse," said Ed.

"How?" asked Tim.

"Could have happened day before yesterday."

"Why would it have been worse then?"

"Could have been me got shot—instead of the hired man."

—LEWIS RIDDISON

IN DIRECT CONTRAST with the label so complacently displayed on some automobiles in the Southern part of the United States, a foreign car made in Germany was seen cruising the streets of Los Angeles with the following sign in its rear window:

"MADE IN DER BLACK FOREST BY DER ELFS."

—JACK FRISCH

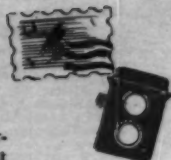
A MEMBER of an Iowa garden club paid a visit to a neighbor's home wearing an extremely high-style hat. The neighbor's little boy who met her at the door couldn't take his eyes off the hat. After a moment he asked, "Whatcha playing?"

—ELIZABETH CLARKSON EWART
(The Des Moines Tribune)



SHOPPING GUIDE

Classified



The special Shopping Guide below offers you a showcase of many unique products and services. Coronet hopes you will find items of interest and value to you.

FOR THE CHILDREN

IF your child is a poor reader—See how The Sound Way to Easy Reading can help him to read and spell better in a few weeks. New home-tutoring course drills your child in phonics with records and cards. Easy to use. University tests and parents' reports show children gain up to full year's grade in reading skill in 8 weeks. Send postcard for free illustrated folder and low price. Brenner-Davis Phonics, Dept. B-16, Wilmette, Illinois.

PERFECT child's pet. Real live Mexican Burro. Intelligent, lovable, sturdy. Economical to feed. Approx. 38" to 42" high. Can hitch to cart. Surprisingly inexpensive. Write today for free photo folder. Navarro, Merchandise Mart, El Paso, Tex.



BEDSPREADS with matching Drapes. Wide variety of long-wearing easy-to-care-for fabrics. Assured savings. Send 25c for complete catalog & swatches; deductible from order. May Schaffer, Box C, Elkins Park 17, Pennsylvania.

LETTER from Santa before Christmas enchants any child from 3 to 8, especially a newsy letter of Santa's Workshop mailed from the North Pole to the child direct. Airmail address and 25c in coin to Walker's Weekly, Box 71, Fairbanks, Alaska.

FOR THE WOMEN

TALL-GALS of all ages buy Direct Via Mail. 5th Av. shoes as low as \$9.95. Perfect fittings. Sizes to 13; AAAAA to C. Send today for Free 28 page booklet ET. No risk to you. Money-back guarantee. Shoecraft, 603 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, New York.

EARN \$50 Fast sewing our precut products during spare time. \$3.00 per hour possible. Information 3c. Thompson's, Loganville 26, Wisconsin.

CATALOG—Free, showing complete equipment for cake decorating and unusual baking. Ateco tubes and syringes, many outstanding instruction and recipe books, pans and molds to make your baking really different! A new customer writes, "I'm thrilled to death with your catalog—by far the most interesting Wish Book I've ever seen!" Baking makes perfect hobby, profitable home business. Maid of Scandinavia, 3245-C Raleigh, Minneapolis, Minn.

WIDE Shoes that are smart, low-priced and comfortable for women. World's largest selection! In the privacy of your own home select from newest styles, fashionable colors, every heel height. Write for Free catalog today. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back. Sizes 4 to 12, widths C to EEE. Syd Kushner, Dept. C, 733 South St., Philadelphia 47, Pennsylvania.

HONEYMOONS. "The Place They Told You About." Newlyweds only. Your own secluded cottage, meals at the Homestead, lots to do but no planned program. Write, mentioning dates, for unique picture story. Farm on the Hill, Box 11C, Swiftwater, Pa.

EARN money at home with your Typewriter or Sewing Machine! Turn spare time into dollars! Location doesn't matter. No special education needed! Write today for free details. Carl E. Edwards, 3912C, 12th, Des Moines 13, Iowa.

LADIES! Don't let slipping heel straps ruin your trip—use "Strap Stay." Whether you're dancing, traveling, or shopping, "Strap Stay" is the answer. Carry the handy tube in pocket or purse. Apply directly to inside of your shoe strap. "Strap Stay" works like magic! It is safe, odorless, stainless, and makes hose heels wear longer. Money back guarantee. Mail \$1.00 for ppd. tube of "Strap Stay." Roy Field Co., Box 217, 2045 Lake Hills Pkwy., Baton Rouge 1, La.



LONG Narrow Feet now can order by mail: no extra charge for sizes to 12; widths to AAAAAA. Write today for Free Booklet of beautiful new Autumn styles. Perfect fit guaranteed or money back. Mooney & Gilbert, 17 West 57th St., N. Y. C.

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\$2.00 HOURLY possible doing light assembly work at home. Experience unnecessary. Write Sanco Manufacturing Company, 8507-A West 3rd Street, Los Angeles 48, California.

(Continued on next page)

FOR THE MEN

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BUY at 20 to 80% discounts. \$1.00 brings catalog and \$1.00 merchandise certificate. Nationally known brands. All merchandise new and fully guaranteed. E. C. Radaker, 510-A Park Avenue, Anderson, Indiana.



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(Continued on next page)

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THEY CALLED IT JUSTICE

by WILL BERNARD

ON THE OUTSKIRTS of a small town in Maine, a "thrifty" Frenchman opened a roadhouse, and his excellent cooking brought him speedy success. Only one thing marred his happiness. Late each afternoon, an old gentleman would amble around to the back of the roadhouse, and blissfully breathe in the aromas wafted from the kitchen. Yet he never spent a dime inside.

Finally, the exasperated Frenchman hailed the old man into court and demanded damages. After the judge heard the complaint, he told the defendant, "Give me all the change you have in your pocket."

The old man handed up a dozen or so assorted coins. Solemnly, the judge cupped his hands and gave the coins a vigorous shaking. Then he handed them back again.

"And now," said the judge to the Frenchman, "he's smelled your cooking and you've listened to his money. That's about as near as I can come to a square deal. Case dismissed."

A St. Louis fortune teller suffered assorted injuries in a train wreck and sued the railroad for \$3,000. After she told her story in court, the company's attorney stepped forward to cross-examine her.

"Madam," he began politely, "may I inquire how you arrive at the figure of \$3,000?"

"Well," she explained, "I had to pay out \$500 in doctor bills, and I lost the other \$2,500 because I couldn't keep up my profession."

The lawyer rubbed his chin for a moment. Then he smiled. "Madam, we will cheerfully pay you the \$500 you spent on doctor bills. As for the rest—naturally, if you can *not* see into the future, your services would have no value. But if you really and truly *can*, would you answer one question: Why in heaven's name did you get on a train that was going to have a wreck?"

The woman dropped her claim.





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